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February 12, 1917

A LETTER TO NOWHERE

A NOVELETTE

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

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When a Boy Knows More Than His Father

SOMETIMES a boy does know more than his father. Ours would have been a very different history if Abe Lincoln, age sixteen or so, had been guided by the wisdom of Thomas Lincoln, age thirty-six or so.

"Now, Abe," we can imagine him saying, "don't waste time readin' them books. Readin' never done me any good, and what was good enough for me's good enough for you."

Lincoln knew more than his father. It was a divine disobedience that led him to close his ears to the man who had brought him into the world, and open his heart to the vision that was to help him conquer the world.

Robert Louis Stevenson knew more than his father. That father would have shackled him to the dry problems of engineering. He could not understand the aliveness of the boy who refused to apply himself. That obstinacy saved a great author from misery as a mediocre engineer. That obstinacy enriched the ages.

Jesus Christ knew more than His father.

"Thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing," said His mother to Him.

And neither His mother nor His father could hear the Voice that was calling Him away from them, the Voice that was to free fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters for Him among all those who should do His will.

"Let no man despise thy youth," wrote Paul to Timothy.

The boy who has not some firm convictions and a willingness to defend them, even against the arguments of those older than himself, is not likely to amount to much, either as a boy or as a man.

But they must be *convictions*, not mere *prejudices*, not *selfish impulses or passions*.

I know two men who "knew more" than their fathers. One boy is the office manager of a large manufacturing concern, and his salary is $40 a week.

"Better go on in school," said his father to him when he was seventeen years old. "Better go to college: better get all the education you can while you have the chance. You'll need it afterwards."

But the boy quit school and went to work.

He was promoted from office-boy to bookkeeper, from bookkeeper to head bookkeeper, from head bookkeeper to office manager.

His path looked golden and long. And then suddenly he stopped.

"You see that wall?" said the president of his concern to me the other day. "There is a man who might have become general manager of this concern if he had had a college education. His salary might have been $20,000 a year instead it's $2000. He's reached his limit. What a shame that he hasn't education enough to go on."

He "knew more" than his father. And his boyish obstinacy is costing him $18,000 a year.

I know another man who "knew more" than his father. "Keep yourself clean, my son," said the father to him. "You'll never regret it. And some day you'll thank heaven you did."

But the boy knew more than his father. He knew that every young man who is worth his salt must now his wild oats.

So he sowed right merrily.

I saw him the other day. He came to me about getting a job.

He was pale, and anemic, and his hands twitched, and he was forever rolling cigarettes. He could not concentrate his mind on one subject for even a couple of minutes.

I wouldn't give him a job: no man would. God knows what will become of him. He would starve if it were not for the few dollars he gets from his father.

The father who, he thought, didn't know so much as he.

You're in the sovereignty of the world.

Its insurgence, its impatiliveness, its eagerness to try the untried and do the impossible, drives the world forward in spite of the conservatism of age.

Fortunate are those of us who recognize the divine importance of youth's cock-sureness and conceit, and yet know how, gently and opportunely, to temper it with the riper judgment of added years.

Bruce Barton, Editor.

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February 12, 1917

Every Week

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"'Where are you going?' he demanded. 'I don't know. They've told me nothing except that I must get out of the city.'"

A LETTER TO NOWHERE

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

Illustrations by George E. Wolfe

THAT Henry Dale should be romantically in love was proper to his twenty-seven years. He had never been seriously in love before, having been too busy. That Henry Dale should be unromantically hungry was proper to neither his age nor condition. He had never been seriously hungry before, having been too prosperous. Golden, tropical, orchid-festooned, music-filled, revolution-breeding, secretive, joyous, poverty-haunted Caracuma City is a most appropriate place to be in love in. It is a most unfortunate place to be hungry in. Every Caracuman will sympathize with your love affair; not one will care if you starve to death to-morrow. Such is the Spanish-American temperament.

Not that Henry Dale was likely to starve immediately; but there stood between him and the first stages of that untimely fate only an ancient Spanish coin of the value of two dollars, and a shiny new *real* of the value of ten cents. Henry Dale prized the silver far above the gold piece. It had been given him by Miss Amy Lessamer, for services rendered.

That had been seven days before, when young Mr. Dale was blessed with a full stomach and a heart at peace. At that time his chief concern in the world was to get away from the island republic of Caracuma, where he had been living in a considerable degree of privacy and boredom for several weeks. His getting away depended upon an expected remittance from his firm. Therefore, on a blazing February day he walked down to meet the morning train from Valenciana, which might bring some intelligence as to the overdue American mail.

It did. It also brought Miss Lessamer and a hand-bag. Young Mr. Dale met the hand-bag first. It was in the grasp of a huge and ragged peon, who darted around a corner at a suspicious rate of speed and ran full into Dale. Dale, short and spare but solid, had just time to throw a self-protective shoulder forward. The fugitive staggered away from the impact and dropped the bag, which burst open, disgorging a silver-backed hair-brush, an American magazine, a cake of toilet soap, some daintily boxboned negligée, and sundry other items incompatible with a peon's estate. As the runner immediately resumed his gait with every appearance of alarm, Henry Dale justly suspected himself of having become the involuntary recipient of stolen property. Hastily repacking it, he turned into the waiting-room, and saw the owner.

SHE stood in the middle of the wide space, looking about her with an expression of perplexity. She was quite tall; so tall that her eyes were just level with Dale's as he approached her: still, gray eyes, that looked out upon the world with frank and fearless interest, and at present with a little pucker of annoyance between them. At the sight of Dale and Dale's burden the eyes widened with lovely surprise and relief. Dale then and there committed himself irretrievably to the theory that never before had the sight of man been blessed with a vision so altogether bewitching, enthralling, and heart-wrecking. The theory, as applied to Miss Amy Lessamer, was not original with him, but he would have gladly fought the world for the vested right in it.

Miss Lessamer took one step toward him.

"My hand-bag," she said. "How fortunate! Where did you get it?"

"From the champion half-miler of the tropics," said Dale, setting it down and taking off his hat.

"The champ—oh, I see," she smiled. "He was running away with it."

"He was. Until he tripped over me."

"And you took it away from him?"

"He dropped it. When I had picked up Monday's wash and started to ask him good morning, had he used Hare's soap, he was making up time on an over-due engagement."

The girl let her thoughtful gaze rest on the bag, then lifted her eyes to his.

"You might at least shake hands," she said, "and say you're glad to see me."

Swallowing his amazement whole, Dale did so, promptly and fervently.

"Glad!" he exclaimed. "I never was so glad to see anybody in my life! Who are you, please?"

It was her turn to look amazed.

"Why, I'm Amy, of course. Amy Lessamer."

"Of course," he assented. "And who am I, please?"

"Why, you're my uncle, aren't you?" she cried.

Young Dale rubbed his clean-shaven chin thoughtfully.

"O my prophetic soul—her uncle!" he murmured. "What comes next in this happy dream?"

Pink danger signals flamed in her cheeks.

"Aren't you Mr. Thomas Rinkeley, the American missionary?" she demanded.

"I am not. In spite of my long white beard, my pious air, and my decrepit gait, I am only Henry Dale, an—that is, a visitor upon these shores."

"I'm very sorry," she said, with a marked air of withdrawal. "And thank you so much for returning my bag."

"Please," said young Dale humbly. "If I'm venerable enough to be taken for an uncle, surely I can claim the respectability of age. Can't I be of help?"

"He isn't old," said the girl, obviously annoyed. "He married my aunt, who is only four years older than I am. I wired

them to meet me; and I was to look out for a small, fair man in white."

"You've found him. And now may I help you find Mr. Blakeley?"

"I won't trouble you any further, thank you," said Miss Lessamer.

There was something in the very decided set of her dimpled chin that told young Mr. Dale—by no means an unobservant person—that he was not making the most favorable of impressions.

"What will you do?" he asked, troubled.

"Please don't concern yourself about me. I shall wait quite comfortably here."

FOR fifteen minutes she waited quite comfortably there. For the next fifteen minutes she waited less comfortably there. Ten minutes later she was exhibiting signs of perturbation. And Mr. Henry Dale, who had ostentatiously marched out of the front entrance, only to march in again much less ostentatiously at the side, could contain himself no longer. He came up to her with a certain boyish and engaging awkwardness.

"Miss Lessamer," he said, "I hope you won't think I'm—well, fresh. But I can't leave you here alone."

"It doesn't look like a dangerous place."

"No; not exactly. That is—well, you see," stumbled the young man, "I've got nieces of my own and—"

He stopped short, reddening. The tall young goddess was laughing at him.

"You're saying that just to reassure me, aren't you?"

"Yes," said Henry Dale anxiously. "Doesn't it?"

"I don't need reassuring. You don't really look dangerous. And, somehow, you don't give the effect of an uncle; not even of a substitute uncle."

"No, I'm not," he confessed. "But won't you let me take you to your real uncle's? I'll tell you," he continued, with an inspiration. "We'll put this on a business basis. How much were you going to give the absconding peon?"

"A *real*, I suppose."

"That will be satisfactory," he replied gravely. He picked up the hand-bag. "Where to, señorita?" he asked.

"I can't remember the Spanish," she said gaily, "but Margaret (that is my young aunt) says that in English they live on the corner of Look-at-the-Sky and Last-Monday streets."

They set out for it. At the corner of Look-at-the-Sky and Last-Monday streets they found a house that looked at no sky nor at anything else, whatever it may have done last Monday, for all its windows were dead and shrouded. A legend on the door explained concisely that the family was gone to the interior for a week. Miss Lessamer returned the house's blank gaze blankly.

"They never got my message," she said.

"Evidently," said Dale. "Whom else do you know here?"

"Not a soul."

"No more do I. That's awkward. Well, there's nothing for it but the Gran Hotel Kast."

She flushed a little, but looked at him unwaveringly.

"Is it expensive?"

"Not very."

"I've just ten dollars left. And the American steamer doesn't sail for a week. Will that see me through?"

"Hardly."

"Then I must find a cheaper place."

Dale's glance unobtrusively took in the simple but trim perfection of her dress, and then passed to the expensive silver-mounted traveling case. Nothing about her fitted well with the idea of a cheap boarding-house or a second-class hotel.

"Miss Lessamer," he said, "you already know my name. I'll ask you to take my word for it that I'm reliable as—well, as the average American man of decent upbringing. With half a dozen exceptions—and the less said about them the better—I believe we are the only Americans in Carcauna City to-day. That being the case, if you were eighty-seven years old and had false teeth, I'd say to you what I'm going to say now. May I lend you a hundred dollars?"

She met his gaze squarely.

"Won't that leave you short?"

"No," he replied, and with the word was stabbed by a horrid misgiving.

"Then I'll take it," she said, "until I can get word to the Blakeleys. I don't know what I should have done but for you."

A cochero, dozing behind a semi-somnambulose horse, turned the corner. Dale hailed him. As the vehicle swung around, he put a roll of bills into the girl's hand.

"He'll take you to the hotel," said he. "Ask for Madame Kast and explain the situation to her. She's a good old soul, they say, and will look after you until your people come back."

"I don't know how to thank you," said the girl. "Will you come to see me and let me try?"

"Please don't. But I'll come this evening if I *may*."

"Of course," she said. "Though I ought to warn you," she added lightly, "that I'm not altogether a safe associate. I'm under suspicion politically, I believe."

"Politically? You?" He looked at her with concern. "Have you been unwise enough to meddle in Carcaunan politics?"

"No. But a man came to the plantation where I was visiting up-country, trying to escape. He was wounded and half starved and terribly frightened. They were going to hang him, he said, and he was hardly more than a boy. He staggered out of the chaparral right in front of my horse. What could I do?"

"Well, what *did* you do?"

"I gave him money and—and lent him my horse, and he got away."

"More kind than wise. Didn't you even find out who he was?"

"His name was Machees."

Dale fairly leaped. "Pedro Machees?" She nodded. "The most notorious revolutionist on the island!" he cried.

"So I learned afterward."

"And it's known that you helped him?"

"It's suspected. My friends had to leave for the mainland. And I came down here. An official question-mark in gold braid came to me on the train and put me through an examination in political economy. D'you think they'll arrest me?"

"God forbid. Political prisoners who go into Carcaunan jails disappear. If they ever reappear they're broken and white-haired and sometimes lepers. For a woman—well, she might better be dead."

The girl had turned a little pale.

"But I'd do the same thing again," she declared ruthlessly. "I'd *have* to. He was like a helpless, pleading child. And—and you're trying to frighten me."

"Only to make you understand that if you are suspected of any interest in Machees's cause, you ought to get out of this country by the first ship."

"I'm going to; but none sails for a week. What ought I to do? Go to the American Legation?"

"It's closed. Diplomatic relations are withdrawn because of the row over the cable."

"But if they'd been going to arrest me, wouldn't they have done it before I came here?"

His face lightened.

"Probably. Yes; I think you're right. They'll just keep an eye on you and do nothing more. Therefore, the very best thing for you to do is to be living in the publicity of the hotel. That will disarm suspicion. Meantime, make yourself at home in Carcauna City," he added, with an hospitable wave of the hand. "Hire a guide and take in the local sights. I can recommend one whose superior qualifications modesty forbids me to dwell upon. Terms reasonable."

"That reminds me," she said.

Taking a *real* from her purse, she gravely bestowed it upon him.

UNTIL she had turned the corner, he stood uncovered in the splendor of the sunshine, holding the coin delicately, as if it were something precious. Then he put it away in a side-pocket of his purse. From another compartment he drew forth his remaining working capital. Exclusive of the *real*, it footed up to exactly twenty-seven dollars and forty cents; and nothing in prospect until the American mail, held up by quarantine in the outer islands for ten days, as he had ascertained at the station, should arrive.

Disturbed, but nothing daunted, young Mr. Dale went forth to the flower market and paid out some five per cent. of his capital for a cluster of imperial orchids still living in the dead wood of their foster-branch, which he sent to the Hotel Kast. When he called that evening, Miss Lessamer was wearing one of the blooms.

Mr. Henry Dale capitalized his emotions and sentiments and became a flat millionaire on the spot.

For six days Henry Dale acted as guide to Paradise and its vicinity. His life during that time was a devastating conflict of sentiment and economics—a desperate mélange of the ideal as typified in Amy Lessamer and the actual as exemplified in his dwindling resources. Every day found him deeper in love and shallower in purse. "Dutch treat," the girl had firmly established as the basis of their companionship, and that helped immensely. Nevertheless, the budget was a recurrent anguish every night when he sat down to figure on his status. What with horseback rides in the early mornings, and picnics on the mountain-side, and tickets to the opera, and boating on the little lake with Indian pole-men for gondoliers, and fees in the park while the band played, Dale couldn't figure the expense of being chaperon to Miss Lessamer at less than three dollars a day, not including his own living.

BY dint of breakfasting on plantains from the market at five-for-a-cent, and lunching on prickly pears from the hillsides at nothing-per-quart, he contrived to keep his personal maintenance down to a minimum. But dine he must, not infrequently with Miss Lessamer at the Kast; and every dinner cut down by so much the duration of that gay and sweet and frank comradeship which had come to mean everything in life to him; for when his money should be gone he must find some pretext and drop out of Amy Lessamer's day. To confess to her that he was bankrupt, when her necessity had reduced him to that condition, would be to inflict upon her an unthinkable mortification.

And still the Blakeleys did not return. As for the political consequences of Miss Lessamer's warm-hearted but ill-advised part in the escape of Machees, that danger seemed to have dwindled. Two or three times officials had come to the Hotel Kast to make inquiries, but that was all. Dale's uneasiness waxed daily.

Meantime he had to hold himself severely in check. One does not make love to a girl alone, unprotected, and living on one's money, in a foreign city. At least, one of Henry Dale's sort doesn't. Yet there were times when he came perilously near to betraying himself. One night the wonderful black-and-tan Carcaunan Government Band had finished up with "Butterfly," the strains coming so softly to the two young Americans in their far corner of the sunken plaza that the music seemed borne to them on the golden moonlight that filtered through the trees. Dale rose.

"This is the hour," said he, "when careful and considerate duennas take their little charges home."

Miss Lessamer kept her seat.

"Little?" she said. "I'm not little. I thought at first that you were. Do you remember, at the station I told you I was to look for a little fair man."

"Yes. That hurt—rather."

"Did it?" she said wonderingly. "Why?"

"No man likes to have the woman—a girl think of him as small. Even if it's true."

She rose and faced him, and her sweet, soft eyes, with the tenderness of the music lingering in them, were level with his.

"We're just of a height," she said. "And yet, I'm the one who feels little now—and helpless."

"Oh, nonsense!" he protested. "I've never seen any one more self-reliant."

"Yes. I've always felt that way about myself until now. I wonder," she mused.

"They're putting the lights out."

"Yes; we must go back," she assented, and they walked together toward the steps. "I suppose," she continued, "it's because I've come to rely on you so completely. Yet you didn't strike me as reliable when we first met. You see, you shouldn't have pretended to be my uncle."

"I didn't," he denied indignantly. "You said that I was your uncle, and before I could deny it—"

"But you said that you were glad to see me."

"So I was."

"And you were—well, deceptively emphatic about it."

"You see, I was—er—trying to make you feel at home in Carcauna."

"You've been doing that ever since," she returned softly.

They had reached the entrance to the Gran Hotel Kast.

"Good night," she said. "And I'm sorry I called you little."

"It doesn't matter."

"It doesn't," she assented. "Because—I'll tell you a secret—because you've grown every day that I've known you. At least a foot! So now you're eleven

"He thought, when he saw her again, that her eyes were more troubled."

"'I won't go,' said Dale.
'You won't go? You will go! I'll throw you off the boat.'"

feet seven-and-a-half inches tall. Good night, giant!"

On the morrow, when he went to the Kast to keep his daily tacit appointment, she was not there. Miss Lessmer, he learned, had left that morning with a lady. Not until afternoon did a note come to his room, asking him to meet her for a boat ride that afternoon.

HE thought, when he saw her, that she seemed distrait, and that her eyes, though as trustful as ever, were less frank and more troubled when they met his.

"The Blakeleys are back," she said.

"I am glad—for you."

"Yes. But I—I can't pay my debt yet. There's a three-day holiday over some saint or other, and the banks are closed, Mr. Blakeley tells me."

"It doesn't matter in the least," he assured her bravely; and the hot prickly pear he had eaten for lunch turned over coldly in a great area of hunger.

"I suppose I've got to stay at home with them this evening," she continued, with an open regretfulness that made his heart leap. "But to-morrow perhaps you'll take me to the Blue Grotto for the day."

The Blue Grotto! He'd been fearing that. It was an all-day trip, and his finances simply would not stand it. The time had come when he must drop out until his fortunes should mend.

"I'm awfully sorry to fail in my duties as a chaperon," he said. "But I've got some business that will take me away to-morrow."

"For long?"

"Several days." As he spoke a sudden thought smote him. "The out-bound boat!" he exclaimed. "You'll be gone!"

"No," she said quietly. "I sha'n't be gone. There's some difficulty arisen."

"Not that political matter!"

"I'm afraid so. The boat sails day after to-morrow. My permit to go on her is refused by the government."

"Refused!" said Dale in consternation.

"It isn't very complimentary of you to be so anxious to get rid of me," she returned, speaking with forced lightness. "Everybody seems to want me out of the way. They're holding all-day consultations and plots and stratagems over me at the house—the Blakeleys and some mysterious American acquaintance and a high local official who is a friend of theirs. That is why I can't ask you to come there this evening."

"Can't you come to the Plaza for the concert, then?" he said quickly.

"I ought not to," she returned. Then, as she saw the expression of his face, "I will," she amended promptly.

At her wish he did not go home with her after the boat ride. Puzzled and deeply troubled, he returned to town, and strolled idly about the streets bordering the central plaza. There, despite the disquiet of his heart, the claims of his stomach began to assert themselves imperiously. He drew from his pocket the last of his funds, the small and ancient Spanish gold piece of the value of two dollars, and looked at it indecisively. Prudence dictated that it be held as an emergency fund. But prudence only whispers to youth; hunger clamors. Let the coin decide its own fate.

He spun it. It fell against the angle of the curb, darted across the pavement, and bounded down the stone steps. A small beggar materialized from behind a tree and gave chase. Dale, with a gasp of dismay, raced the beggar. The clutching brown hand brushed his boot as he covered the fugitive coin. The beggar fell back, whining. Lifting his foot, Dale consulted the oracle. Heads! Dinner!

AS he entered the Kast he was aware of a curious-looking individual of Anglo-Saxon appearance sitting outside: a gross, round, hard, fat, fair man with a face all made up of muscular shiny curves, who stopped contemplating nothing with a stupid smile long enough to direct a pale, China-blue gaze upon Dale, exhaling his breath, meantime, above a tucked-in lower lip with a faint, steamy, puffing sound. In the satisfaction of really appeasing a six-day cumulative hunger he forgot the gross, shiny man and all else except Amy Lessmer. He was reflecting upon her situation, when a thick, firm hand fell on his shoulder and a voice said:

"How are you, son?"

He turned to find the Anglo-Saxon stranger beside him.

"Ff-ff-ff-ff-ff," steamed the man. "Didn't expect to see me here, did you?" Then, without a movement of his lips and with a startling effect of ventriloquism: "Say 'No.' Old acquaintance—back me up."

Wondering but obedient, Dale rose and shook hands.

"Glad to see you again," he said readily. "When did you strike town?"

"Thursday. Sailing to-morrow. Ff-ff-ff-ff. Seen the schooner in the harbor?"

"No; I didn't notice her."

"Different old *Harloway* from when you knew her. Changed her rigging a bit and painted her up-to-date. Ff-ff-ff-ff. No frills on her captain, though. Same old Abner Tidman of Salem, Maine, and New York, *and* wherever the trade-wind blows."

Thus, in a breath, he had contrived to give Dale his name, calling, and ship.

"Business pretty brisk now, Captain?" asked the young man, playing up.

"Ff-ff-ff-ff-ff! Can't complain. Pick up a charter here and there. Not much competition in the sailing line. Mostly steam. Ff-ff-ff. Canvas for me. Sort of yachting for business."

He rambled puffily on while the tables about them emptied. When the last person within ear-shot had left, Captain Tidman leaned back. In a lifeless voice he inquired abruptly:

"Could you use twenty dollars?"

Dale sat up with a start. "What?"

"Ff-ff-ff-ff. Twenty dollars, gold. I'm asking you if you want to borrow it."

The fat man's manner was distasteful to Dale.

"No, thank you," he said shortly.

"Why not?"

"For one thing, I don't know you."

"Neither do I know you. Strikes me it's my risk. You need it, don't you?"

"That's my business."

"Correct. Some folks hate to borrow. Others have a prejudice against starving. When was your last square meal?"

Amusement and interest overbore annoyance in Dale.

"Are you a mind-reader?" he asked. "Or, rather, a stomach-reader?"

"Ff-ff-ff-ff. I saw your face when that nut nearly pinched your gold piece. Panic! A man don't turn white over two dollars unless he needs it. So I judged a loan might be useful to you. You wouldn't have got it, anyway—not from me."

Dale's eyes snapped.

"Then your offer was in the way of a joke?"

"Call it an experiment. The tropics are thick with derelict Americans who'd take a loan from anybody. I ain't looking for that species."

"Suppose you tell me what you are looking for—before your coffee gets cold," suggested the young man pointedly.

A slight flicker of the globular muscles that served Captain Tidman for cheeks testified that the point had not missed.

"Ff-ff-ff-ff—information," he whiffled.

"You've come to the wrong table."

"Maybe so. Maybe not. I've found you won't borrow when you need it. And you're more or less go-to-hellish in your ways and manners. I like that—in a young fellow I'm going—ff-ff-ff-ff-ff—to do business with."

"What makes you think that you're going to do business with me?"

"Well," replied the Captain argumentatively, "there ain't much profit in your present line, I judge."

"What do you think my present line is?" inquired Dale curiously.

"Ff-ff-ff-ff-ff—figures out about like this: Broke, in a tough country to be broke in. Good clothes. Clean as a whistle. First-class condition. No rum marks. But—watch hooked, and hungry like a shark. Plain enough. American boat overdue with remittances. Right?"

"Right," assented Dale.

"So far, so good. But why no friends to help out in the pinch? Answer: not been here long. Ff-ff-ff. Why not prove up business connection and get advance? Answer: business of private nature. Ff-ff-ff. Asphalt prospecting?"

Dale, striving to catch his beady little eye and stare him down on the point-blank question, failed to call his attention back from the outer vista wherein he pursued his highly personal speculation in a flat, uninterested voice.

"No asphalt, I guess," he observed negligently. "Ff-ff-ff-ff. Copper, maybe?"

"Or gold at the rainbow's end."

"Pearls on the reef—ff-ff-ff!" he reflected aloud. "No. Dishonest. The man who won't borrow won't steal. Besides, you've been crossing the up-coast mountains."

"How do you arrive at that?" asked Dale, startled.

"Fresh cholla scar. Ff-ff-ff-ff. Cholla only grows up-coast."

He pointed to the young man's wrist, where the malignant-barbed, atom-for-saking cactus had left its shaft. It was borne in upon Dale that this person was considerably less stupid than he looked. Not wholly logically, he abandoned most of his suspicion and took a quick resolve.

"I'll tell you if you are so eager to know," said he. "I'm down here looking over the wreck of the *Hester* for my company—Hermanez & Snow. It isn't a matter that we want known until the deal goes through. That's why I'm keeping quiet about my business connections. The rest you know."

A prolonged fulling was Captain Tidman's only immediate commentary. He picked up a fork from the table, drummed idly with it for a moment, fixed his gaze upon the highest light in the glass dome of the Kast, and said quietly:

"References satisfactory. Now we'll talk business. Are you open to a job?"

"Specifications."

"It's simple."

"Yes."

"Quick."

"Good."

"And well paid. Very well paid."

"What are the requirements?"

"Caution. Silence. Ability to swim. Ff-ff-ff-ff. Are you a good swimmer?"

"I've done five miles."

THERE was a slight snapping sound. Captain Tidman's eyes withdrew from immensity to contemplate with an almost infantile dismay the Oran Hotel Kast's fork, which had broken in half. "Oh, Lord!" he murmured faintly. "Must have been a flaw."

Dale looked at the strong metal, and from that to the stolid face of his vis-à-vis, and marveled at the evidence of nervous strain thus translated into physical expression. "Doubtless," he lied courteously. "What else?"

"Oh! And courage," replied the other carelessly, as if that were to be assumed.

"There's danger?"

"It's no job for a timid man. Ff-ff-ff-ff."

"Where am I to swim?"

"From the schooner to shore. After we've put out."

"With a message?"

"That's it," said Captain Tidman, after a moment's hesitation.

"What kind of trouble shall I be in after the message is delivered?"

"None. You don't have anything to do with its delivery. Just mail it."

"Then the danger is in the swim."

"It will be long. And at night."

"How long?"

"Possibly two miles. Likely to be less."

"Currents?"

"Not to amount to anything."

"Destination?"

"A good sand beach."

"What's on the beach?"

"Nothing."

"Price?"

The Captain hesitated.

"How would three hundred gold strike you?"

Dale leaned forward over the table.

"A message at night, by water, to be landed on a lone beach, and three hundred gold paid? It sounds crazy."

"Ff-ff-ff-ff. So it does. Does that look crazy?"

The fifty-dollar United States gold certificate that he laid on the table before Dale struck that needy man as one of the safest and sanest looking objects he had ever set eyes on. And two hundred and fifty more to follow! That meant enough to keep Dale at Amy Lessmer's side as long as she should stay. Enough—to be thrilled to the thought—to take him back in the same ship with her when the matter of the permit was adjusted.

But wasn't there something underhanded about this enterprise? Why could not a small boat be sent ashore with the message to that lonely beach? Why should it be intrusted to a swimmer and a stranger? Why not, indeed, set it ashore at Valenciana, the next port of call, where all ships touched? Contrary to his usual habit, Dale temporized.

"How long have I got to decide?"

"No hurry," said the Captain genially. "Say five minutes."

Dale scowled. "I don't do business on a hair-trigger basis."

Captain Tidman's little eyes veered from the farthest electric globe to the dim roof-dome beyond it. There was no discernible motion of his gross lips, but there seemed to form and hover in the air the words:

"You'll help another in desperate trouble."

Dale gazed at him in puzzled wonder. The big mariner's breath exhaled with a strained f-f-f-f-f-f. His little stony eyes peered at far-away things. Incredible that the appeal should have come from him—until Dale's puzzled regard fell again upon the broken fork. It was borne in upon the young man that behind that gross, hard, heavy, animal-like face was a soul racked with anxiety—and, Dale was convinced, by an anxiety not selfish.

"It's a bargain," said Dale.

Captain Tidman rose.

"One other thing," he said. "Ff-f-f-f. Do you know anybody in Valegalana?"

"No; never have been there."

"Ff-f-f-f. Meet me at the Puerta del Norte quay at five to-morrow morning. I'll have your permit."

THE band was tuning up when Dale hurried to the Plaza to meet his appointment with Amy Lessamer.

She was not there. Nor did she come. But there was an elderly and quite respectable looking beggar, a most pernicious and persistent beggar, who dogged his nervous and impatient footsteps with supplications for a *real*—just one little silver *real*. Surely the Señor Americano had one *real* about his person? The applicant felt certain, repeatedly certain in a persistent whisper, that there was a spare *real* in the Señor's possession, were it only a luck-piece. And at last all this iteration stuck home to the anxiety-tortured brain of the lover, and he followed the messenger out of the crowded plaza into a side street. There a few quick words passed. The beggar—he was the Blakeleys' trusted servant—led Dale through dark streets and up the Avenue Paraiso to the outskirts of the town, where, in an old summer house, Amy Lessamer waited.

She came to him with hands outstretched.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come! They would only give me fifteen minutes longer."

"They? What? For what?"

"The Blakeleys. Before I go, I wouldn't go before I had seen you to bid you good-by."

"Where are you going?"

"I don't know. They've told me nothing except that I must get out of the city for a time."

"What has happened?"

"Haven't you heard? Machuco tried to kill the President this morning."

"Good God!" A wild thought came into his mind. "You weren't—there's nothing to connect you with it?"

"Oh, no, no, no! But they were going to arrest me to-night. So I'm to be kept out of the way until the excitement dies down and my friends can see the President and explain."

"When I come back shall I see you?"

"Of course. There's the hundred dollars I owe you, you know."

"I wasn't thinking of the hundred dollars."

"I know you weren't," she said softly. "When I've paid that, I'll still be miles deep in debt to you, for being everything that is fine and splendid and—and—well, for being *you*. And I couldn't go without thanking you. I couldn't and I wouldn't. And so they had to let me," she added, with an adorable obstinacy.

"You're sure," said he, "perfectly sure, that they can fix the Machuco matter up?"

"Perfectly," she replied. "Mr. Blakeley says it will all come out right if I'll just obey directions and not ask any questions. As if that were easy!"

"Then," said he, trying to speak lightly, "this isn't really good-by. I shall see you in a few days."

"I don't know," she said doubtfully. "They might keep me away from the city some time—perhaps until after your American mail-boat has come in and you have left."

"Do you think I would leave while you are on Caramanan soil, and in danger?"

She turned and looked at him gravely and sweetly.

"I might have known you would say that," she said. "But you mustn't stay. It—it wouldn't do any good. And there's no reason why you should be involved if there were danger."

"None," he said quietly, "except that I love you."

"Oh, no!" she protested tremulously. "Why—why, we've known each other only—"

"Yes, I know. Only a week."

"You can't—people don't—don't fall in love with each other in a week."

"Don't they? Perhaps not. I've been waiting for you all my life."

"But we don't really know each other," she cried, her eyes trembling away from the longing and passion in his. "You haven't even hinted at—at anything like this before."

"How could I? You were in my care. Don't think that I expect anything of you," he added gently. "Or ask anything except just to stay within helping distance as long as there's any possibility of serious trouble. Is that too much?"

"No, oh, no," she breathed.

"There's one other thing," he said, speaking with difficulty. "If, by any possibility, I shouldn't be here at call, you'll know it was because I couldn't be, and not for any other reason in the world. You'll know that, won't you?"

Her gaze probed his.

"What does that mean?" she asked, with a little catch of her breath. Then: "It's you who are going into danger!"

"No," he denied.

"Yes," she asserted, with soft vehemence. "That is why you—you spoke to-night. What is the danger?"

"It's just a business matter, with the ordinary risk," he said soothingly. "Only, in case anything went wrong—there isn't one chance in a hundred that it will—"

"Where are you going?" she interrupted.

"I can't tell you that."

"Would you be going if it weren't for me?"

"It has nothing to do with you," he answered, not altogether truthfully. "It's business. And I've given my word."

Her soft, strong hands fell on his shoulders. "Then go," she said, "and God keep you."

He caught her hands.

"Amy!"

"No, no!" she denied. "I—I don't love you."

She drew her hands away. An urgent voice from the darkness called to her.

"Yes, I'm coming," she said, and turned once more to Dale.

"But—oh, come back to me safe!" she cried, and was gone.

CLOSE-HAULED, under a light breeze, the *Harkaway* was standing in for the desert shore of Carmenna. Dead ahead an abrupt hill stood forth in the sharp moonlight. Captain Tidman, who was himself at the wheel, pointed to the west of it and muffled softly at Dale.

"Anywhere there," he said in a low tone. "Two miles of sand."

It had been a strange day for the *Harkaway's* passenger. Coming aboard, he had seen nobody. Officers and men alike had been busy in other parts of the schooner when the shore boatman had run the Captain and himself up to the companionway. He had been taken at once to the Captain's cabin, and there he had stayed in complete seclusion until late night, when he had joined Captain Tidman on the wheel-deck, where he was still out of sight of the watch. For any testimony that he could have furnished to the contrary, the *Harkaway* might have been manned by Patagonian pirates with glass noses. Nor could any one on board, except his temporary employer, have identified him as having ever been on the ship.

Most disturbing of all to a man as straightforward as Dale, he had discovered that he had shipped under the alias of Carl Trever. But for Amy Lessamer, he could have wished the whole job and the three hundred dollars—which he was wearing in a waterproof pocket about his waist—with Davy Jones.

THE blank coast loomed nearer. A touch of the wheel eased the ship's head off a point.

"Better get your clothes off—ff-ff," wheezed Captain Tidman.

Dale looked up in surprise.

"D'you expect me to go prancing through a strange country with nothing on but three hundred dollars cash?"

"Ff-ff-ff-ff-ff! All arranged for. You'll find clothes on the beach. Look for a cairn of rocks."

Dale whistled softly.

"You think of everything, don't you! But see here: suppose somebody should have happened along the beach and witnessed 'em?"

"No danger. Beach is haunted. Couldn't drive a native there with a gun at night."

"Haunted, eh? What particular species of ghost, in case I should meet one?"

"Sailor ghosts. Crew of the *Hector*—ff-ff-ff-ff—poor devils! Bodies washed ashore there, the few that came ashore at all. Most of 'em didn't."

"Why not?"

"Shar—" began the Captain, and cut himself off with a sudden escape of compressed air.

"Sharks!" Dale completed the word with a cold shock of enlightenment. "So *that* is the danger."

"Well, I told you it was a dangerous mission," retorted the other. "I'm not paying three hundred dollars—ff-ff—for a little moonlight pleasure swim."

"You let me believe the danger was in the swim itself. I'll swim anywhere. But—sharks! That's different."

"Ff-ff—*frain!*" inquired the Captain. His look was a deliberate insult.

"Yes," Dale snapped.

"You have to go just the same. Bargain's a bargain."

The sweet gray eyes of Amy Lessamer rose before Dale, and the soft voice of her plea sounded in his ears. What if he never reached shore? What if she waited, needing him, trusting him?

"I won't go," said Dale. "Take your money and set me ashore at the next port."

"Ff-ff-ff-ff!" breathed the Captain, and there was something venomous in the sound. "You won't go? You will go! I'll throw you over myself." He dropped the wheel.

Dale set himself.

"Not single-handed," he retorted coolly. "And I don't think you'll call any one to help you. You haven't kept me so secret for nothing. Try to put me off this old

Continued on page 27

"'Aren't you going to read it? It isn't a—a letter to nowhere.'"

"I HAVE NO TIME TO READ"

All Right—We'll Do Your Reading for You. $300 Worth of New Books and Magazines Are Read Every Week for These Two Pages

HIS NEW AMERICAN WIFE

FOR the second time, Lord Curzon, the man who ruled India for six stormy years, and carried on a historic quarrel with Lord Kitchener, has married an American woman.

Curzon's first wife, the beautiful Mary Leiter, was known on three continents for her graciousness, gentleness, and charm. She was the sister of young Joseph Leiter, whose spectacular attempt to corner the wheat market on the Chicago stock exchange is still talked about as the most picturesque single exploit in American finance. She went as a bride to India, to occupy one of the most difficult social positions in the world. There she became a greater personage than her husband. Curzon was domineering, obstinate, arbitrary. Beautiful Lady Curzon had the dignity and tact of a royal princess. She smoothed out bitter antagonisms, softened public opinion everywhere. In the relentless quarrel between her husband and Lord Kitchener, she never lost the friendship of her husband's enemy.

Kitchener was appointed commander-in-chief of the army in India at Curzon's own request. But the two men had not been long associated before they began to clash. While Curzon was on a visit to England, Kitchener wrote his government that he would withdraw unless he were given more authority. England was alarmed. It believed that Kitchener was necessary for the safety of India, and it yielded to his demands. This meant the supremacy of the military government over the civil government. Curzon would not accept such a decision. He resigned. Then the government compromised. Curzon retracted his resignation, went back to India, and asked for the appointment of a certain general as a member of his council. "Ask Kitchener's advice," the government wired back. This was too much. Curzon resigned in earnest. England was split over the feud between these two strong-willed, unyielding men. While one side maintained that Curzon was the best viceroy India had ever had, the other declared that he was merely a brilliant and ambitious self-seeker.

Curzon's appointment as government leader in the House of Lords, and Lord President of the Council in Lloyd-George's Cabinet was announced on the 10th of December. On the same day was announced his engagement to Mrs. Duggan, whose picture is shown above. Mrs. Duggan was born in Alabama, is the daughter of the late J. Munroe Hinds, minister to Brazil, and the widow of Alfred Duggan, a Tennesseean, who, after amassing a fortune of twenty millions in the Argentine, died a little more than a year ago.

FOR LOVE OF FRANCE

A RICH young college graduate who had driven an ambulance at the front in Alsace said of one of the Chasseurs Alpins: "I can't imagine anything that will give me more pleasure than to encounter that man in New York. His name is François. He is second cook at the Knickerbocker Hotel, and the finest gentleman I ever knew."

No man can drive at the front and come out unchanged, wrote for the *Outlook* A. Piatt Andrew, Inspector-General of the American Ambulance Field Service in France.

"For weeks at a time, night after night, our drivers operate their cars without any lights except such as come from illuminating rockets from the trenches, along encumbered roads, often in the midst of heavy shell fire. Sometimes they run their cars into holes made by shells, and have to wait until passing troops can lift them out. Often when the dawn comes they go to sleep on a bloody stretcher in the back of a dirty ambulance, in sleet and rain. Sometimes they work for forty-eight hours at a stretch, with scarcely a moment's rest of any kind. They live, like the soldiers, on dried vegetables and canned meats. They see nothing for months at a time of the outside world, and have nothing enter into their thoughts week after week but the most sordid side of the business of war."

In spite of their hardships and risks, says Mr. Andrew, our men have gained much more than they have given, have taken out more than they have put in.

"It is a privilege even in peace times to live in the gentle country of France, surrounded by all the wonderful architectural heritages of her past, and in contact with her gifted, sensitive, and highly intelligent people. One learns constantly new lessons in courtesy and in consideration for others, and one inevitably gains a better perspective about the things which make life worth while. To live in France to-day means all this and much more. To see a nation facing mortal danger with the courage, good humor, and tenacity the French people display, giving to their country willingly all that they have or can hope for, smiling in the midst of suffering, and unmindful even of death, means for every American volunteer an inspiration to patriotism such as no other experience in life could ever offer."

BOOKS THAT OUGHT TO BE BURNED

ON the shelves of any library are books that it is an outrage and a scandal to read. Not for moral reasons, however. It is the small type found in these books that causes the tired, strained eyes and the semi-blindness of our age.

"I have seen copies of 'Pilgrim's Progress' and 'The Everlasting Rest' that I should be willing to burn," writes Arthur E. Bostwick in the *Yale Review*, adding that it is not the authors, but the publisher and printer, with whom he is enraged.

"It is an unfortunate law of nature that injurious acts appear to us in their true light only after the harm is done. The burnt child dreads fire after he has been burned—not before. So the fact that the middle-aged man can not read small, crooked, or badly cramped type means simply that the carefulness of these things, which always existed for him, has succumbed throughout a long tale of years."

Curiously enough, when children are taught to read, we give them large, legible type "to save their eyes." But then, as soon as their eyes grow stronger, they are maltreated again by blurred, difficult printing and typography that slowly ruins their eyesight.

Publishers are indifferent to this most important feature of a book. Their catalogues tell a man that a book has 442 pages, 6 plates, 3 maps, and costs $2.50. There is not a word about the type. "Yet on this depends the ability of the reader to use the book."

Type should be large—one sixth of an inch high (twelve-point),—clear, but neither too thick and black nor too delicate. A printed line should be short, as it is easier for the eye to make several jumps than occasional long jumps from one line to the next. Uniformity in length of line is the most important thing, because then the eye performs these leaps subconsciously. Short lines are what makes it possible for us to read newspaper type at all.

The St. Louis Library is collecting a library of books for adults. They are exposed according to the size of the type, and up to date only four hundred books have been found. The collection can be divided into the following classes:

1. Books containing so little material that large type, thick paper, and wide margins were necessary to make the volume easy to handle.

2. Books printed in large type for esthetic reasons. These are few, beauty and artistic form being linked with illegibility by many printers.

"Until readers are awake to the dangers of small print and the comfort of large print, publishers won't be pressed into making books for tired eyes. Librarians, teachers, and the press—all can do their part."

HOW TO HANDLE DIFFICULT CALLERS

"What name, please?" may be made to sound like the prettiest of compliments if said in the secretary's best tone of voice.

IF the duty of a secretary in regard to callers were merely to get rid of them, the office-boy would be valuable. But, as his duty is to keep as many as he can away from his chief and at the same time make them feel how keenly the chief wants to see them, a secretary needs the aplomb of Mrs. Vincent Astor, the diplomacy of President Wilson, and occasionally the muscle of Jess Willard.

A secretary's crowning glory is manner, according to Edward James Kidduff in *The Private Secretary* (The Century Company). The three ingredients of manner are courtesy, tact, poise. He must be courteous or he will reflect discredit upon his employer. He must be tactful or he can not learn the name and business of reticent callers who are convinced that they should disclose this information to no one but the chief, and that immediately. He must be poised, for if he is timid, uncertain, and not able to dominate the situation, an aggressive caller may bluff his way through.

If the chief is late for his appointments, a woman can use the training she has had in entertaining her own guests or "making things go" at her own dinner-table. If a caller tries to use physical force in seeing the chief—well, under ordinary circumstances, it might be better to have a man for a secretary.

It may happen that four or five callers, all of whom the chief would wish to see, arrive at once.

"In such event, the secretary will be hard put to keep a grip on the situation. Each of the callers will have the idea that he is of such importance that he ought to be admitted immediately. It is part of the secretary's duty to exercise such finesse that he can keep them content to wait their turns. The strategy which a secretary is compelled to use sometimes would do credit to a diplomat."

The lawn-mower drummer who calls into Rio de Janeiro had best start in by throwing away his wrist-watch. The early bird there finds no one up.

DOING BUSINESS IN SOUTH AMERICA

THE breezy salesman of North America needs to temper his breezes to the fastidious merchant of South America. He can not "blow in," grasp his prospective customer by the lapel, pour cigars into his hands and inducements into his ears, and rush off to make his train. Selling goods in the tropics is, according to Ernst Filsinger in *Exporting to Latin America* (D. Appleton & Company), a stately affair. The traveler in the small towns does well to make a preliminary call as a kind of appetizer, and gradually lead up to the pièce de résistance.

The personal touch, moreover, is so important that it is proof even against the lower prices of a vigorous competitor, and the salesman who shows an unusual interest in the personal relations of his customer is the one who will meet unusual success. Birthday cards, not only for the head of the firm but for his family, and little gifts on fête days, which play so prominent a part in the life of the Latin American, are big factors in business.

The traveling man must avoid such delicate questions as politics, religion, or customs that seem to him strange. He must not try to talk the conservative and formal Southerner into a purchase. He can do much more by courtesy than by argument. If he neglects to lift his hat to a merchant on the street, he may never get a hearing.

The native or foreign merchant of South America has more of a regard for culture and the fine arts than has the average business man of North America. He is as formally polite in his office as in a drawing-room. His love and hate are easily aroused. He is swayed by sentiment, and it behooves the traveler to give careful attention to first orders; for when he once gives his patronage to a firm the South American is so loyal that it is difficult to dislodge him.

THE GREATER THRIFT

IS America a thrifty nation? This is your history, the history of the average American citizen, as gathered from statistics by S. W. Straus for the *Journal* of the National Education Association:

Take 100 Americans at the age of twenty-five. By the time they are thirty-five, 5 have died, 10 have become independent, 18 are in good circumstances, 40 have moderate resources, and 35 have no more than they had ten years before.

By the time they are forty-five years old, 11 more die; all but 3 of the 60 who had anything at all have lost it; 3 have become wealthy; 63 are self-supporting, with no other resources; 15 have ceased to be self-supporting.

At fifty-five years of age, 4 more have died, 1 more has become wealthy; 3 are in good circumstances, but 1 who was wealthy at the age of forty-five has lost his fortune.

At sixty-five years of age, 63 of the original 100 have died, 29 of whom left no estates; 2 of the 5 who were rich have lost their fortunes.

At the age of seventy-five, 34 of the men remaining of the original 100 are dependent upon their children, relatives, or society, and 3 are wealthy.

And what of the wives left by men who have died? Court records show that out of 100 men who die, 3 leave estates of $10,000; 15 leave estates of from $2000 to $10,000; 82 leave no income-producing estates at all. Thus, out of every 100 widows, 18 are left in comfort; 47 are obliged to work; 35 are in absolute want.

No; America is not a thrifty nation. Therefore Mr. Straus advocates that, along with political economy, personal economy be taught in the schools. By personal economics he does not mean how to save, but how to spend. This is what he calls the "greater thrift." If you make $800 a year and spend $400, you are thrifty. If you make $10,000 and spend $5000, you are thrifty. But if you make $10,000 and spend only $400, you are not thrifty. You are a miser. The difference between thrift and greater thrift is the difference between saving money and spending it wisely. You may save money, but if you injure your health by dissipation, or by working eighteen hours a day, you are not thrifty.

"Money-saving is but one link in the chain of thrift. The greater thrift is liberal thrift. It is the art of living."

A WAR NECESSITY

The Arts and Crafts reversible bed for Zeppelin nights.

HOW LINCOLN GOT ALONG WITH STANTON

IF Lincoln had been up for reëlection last November, he would doubtless have spent Tuesday evening reading Irvin Cobb. When he, with some of his Cabinet officers, was awaiting returns in the telegraph office on the night of November 8, 1864, he was reading aloud from the effusions of Petroleum V. Nasby. Stanton, his stern Secretary of War, was indignant with the President for filling his mind with such trifles when the destiny of the country hung in the balance; but Lincoln had a method in his foolishness. "If it were not for this occasional vent," he said, "I should die."

The contrast between the pleasant, genial President and his haughty, severe Secretary is described by David Homer Bates in *Lincoln in the Telegraph Office* (The Century Company). Stanton was brusque and rude to reporters; Lincoln, on the other hand, was so obliging that he sometimes gave out advance information that leaked through to the enemy.

Once a cotton speculator called on Lincoln, begging him to overrule an order of Stanton's. Lincoln refused to do so, but finally gave his caller, who was a prominent man, a card introducing him to Stanton. In a short time the speculator was back at the White House, cursing the Secretary.

"Mr. President," he said, "what do you think Stanton did with your card?"

"I don't know," said Lincoln. "Tell me."

"He tore it up and threw it into the waste-basket. He is not a fit man to be your Secretary of War."

"Did he do that?" replied Lincoln. "Well, that's just like Stanton."

But, although the great War Secretary was not blessed with the delight in fun that brought Lincoln relief from the awful strain, he had his moments of softened kindness, and was even known to forget the burdens of war in a game of mumble-the-peg.

ON HAVING THE BLUES

EVERY one has experienced ordinary blues, when one feels, "The world is black to-day. Yet, it never was any brighter. Impossible that it ever will be." Also, "I never was of any use. My friends don't like me."

But when these same blues are exaggerated and intensified they become a disease and are named "psychoneurosis." Dr. Richard C. Cabot describes this malady in *A Layman's Handbook of Medicine* (Houghton, Mifflin Company).

"*Psychoneurosis* means oversensitiveness in every sense—to noise, to smell, to having the feelings hurt, to changes in surroundings, to reproof." Its other characteristic is self-centeredness—an unfluctuating, abnormal interest in one's self and one's troubles. And as all interest turns inward, the person's unhappiness and depression increases.

"The typical patient is one who is dogged by fears of one kind or another, for when mental life is below normal fears break in on one. Added to fears, there is a feeling of personal inefficiency.

"The treatment of this trouble is real life—in the sense of doing whatever one can to get the person back into normal relations with human beings, with duty, and with God, which keep the whole of us going. No matter how weak the psychoneurotic is, he must use the little power he has to get more. If a person has very little muscle in his legs, he must exercise that little in order to get more. Patients often say, 'I can not read half way down the page before my attention is tired and I forget all.' I always urge such people to go on reading, and lead them to see that this is the only way they can gain power to read the page and then read more. *They must do the thing they 'can not do'*—do the thing they are afraid to do—get where, by contact with other people, they forget themselves and find the normal center of life, which is outside themselves."

Therefore, if you are self-conscious, afraid of people, envious and jealous, force yourself to see them a great deal, and one day you will discover that you are really interested in what they are saying and doing—that it hasn't occurred to you for months that "nobody likes you."

Don't begin to feel that nobody loves you and you won't ever amount to a row of pins, or some doctor will come along and diagnose "psychoneurosis."

GERMAN WOMEN, MARRIED AND UNMARRIED

"TO marry—and to marry, if possible, an officer, is the ambition of the average German girl as she grows toward womanhood," says Anne Topham in *Memories of the Fatherland* (Dodd, Mead & Company). "There is no limit to the length to which wealthy people of obscure birth will go in their efforts to obtain a footing in the class from which they are separated by an insurmountable barrier. Few people realize the difficulty that wealthy people in Germany have when not provided with the magic 'von' which enables them to be considered *Hofahig*—'Court-capable'—in gaining an entrance into the impecunious circle of the blue-blooded aristocracy surrounding the throne."

The author goes on to hint at another reason besides social ambition which makes for this ideal. "I remember a young countess, belonging to an old and honored German family, congratulating herself on becoming engaged to a naval officer, because she would not, as might have been the case if she had married a landed proprietor, be required to supervise various household tasks"—such as the making of seventeen kinds of sausages.

"The German ideal of woman is, as we know, of a being who entwines heavenly roses in the earthly lives of her mankind, and exercises a softening but strictly subordinate rôle in his existence. But the German daughter of to-day does not conform to the same lines as her mother. Everywhere I was told [this was in 1913, the date of the author's last visit] that household management was becoming a thing of the past; that restaurants and a love of leisure were undermining all the good old German ways; that girls preferred to train as doctors or dentists or even chemists; that they wanted to be factory inspectors rather than cooks and domestic purveyors of home comforts."

EXIT — THE GOULDS

By BURTON J. HENDRICK

DOES the accumulation of huge fortunes in America mean that there is less "chance" than there used to be? Is opportunity to be manacled to the chariots of millionaires? Will the handing down of great fortunes from father to son tend to create a permanent master and a permanent servant class? There are some young men who think so. To such there will be large encouragement in this article. A dynasty whose founder died in 1892 has already ceased to reign.

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Mr. and Mrs. George Gould, with two of their children. Mrs. Gould was Miss Edith Kingdon, the actress.

A FEW months ago the Missouri Pacific Railroad passed out of the control of the Gould family and definitely became the possession of what is usually known as the Kuhn, Loeb-Rockefeller group of capitalists. The general public paid little attention to this event, yet it marked the passing of what, in a sense, was the greatest of the American railroad dynasties.

Jay Gould, the founder of this family, died as recently as 1892. He left his children an inheritance that might have made them one of the greatest financial powers in the world. This inheritance included the Manhattan Elevated Railroad in New York City and the Western Union Telegraph Company. His railroad system comprised the Wabash, the Missouri Pacific, the Texas & Pacific, the International & Great Northern, the Iron Mountain, and many others. All these properties and several others added to the family estate since—the Western Maryland, the Wabash-Pittsburgh Terminal, the Wheeling & Lake Erie, the Denver & Rio Grande, and the Western Pacific—have passed out of the family control.

The Interborough took over the Elevated Railroads twelve years ago; the American Telephone Company took the Western Union in 1910; while the Rockefeller-Kuhn, Loeb combination has now fallen heir to the choicest of the railroad possessions. As fichus go to-day, the Goulds may be accounted almost poor; there is probably not one whose entire fortune is as large as Henry Ford's income for a single year. "From shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves in three generations," is the familiar procedure; it has taken the Gould family just twenty-five years to lose their position as railroad kings.

In many ways this is the most instructive chapter in the financial history of our country. Is there anything permanent, we frequently ask, about American fortunes? Is the United States to develop a group of powerful families, like the great feudal families of Europe, who can maintain a social ascendancy from generation to generation, from century to century?

No Permanent American Fortunes?

WEALTH is the fundamental basis of all aristocracies. The aristocracy of England has rested immemorially upon what, until the arrival of the industrial era, was the most tangible form of wealth—that is, the land itself. The Norfolks, the Devonshires, the Bedfords, the Westminsters—these are the great feudal families of England; and these are also the great landholders. But our great American families—the Vanderbilts, the Goulds, the Rockefellers, the Morgans, the Fields, the Armours, the Harrimans—hold property of quite a different kind. The basis of their family greatness consists of little slips of paper representing ownership in certain railroad and industrial enterprises.

Has the fact that social preeminence in this country hangs upon engraved certificates, while that in Europe has rested upon land, anything to do with the brief existence of American "dynasties" as compared with those of older countries?

None of our great American "magnates" ever took so much trouble as Jay Gould to secure the perpetuity of his estate, and no American railroad system was ever so exclusively a family affair as that of the Goulds. Gould left his fortune, estimated at about $75,000,000, in the hands of trustees, his oldest son, George, outranking the other trustees only in that he had the deciding vote in case of disagreement. The presidencies of the several lines that made up the Gould system were distributed among the several sons, George, Edwin, Howard, and Frank.

The Goulds' Opportunity

AT first these young men, especially George and Edwin, showed real enthusiasm for their inheritance. Jay Gould, in his will, praised highly the business capacity of George, and made him a special bequest of $5,000,000 in recognition of his services to the Gould properties. George soon impressed Wall Street as a hard-working, conscientious man. He kept strict business hours, and took trips continually over the "Gould empire," making himself acquainted with the communities that the roads traversed. He became pleasantly known to the newspaper reading public for his romantic marriage to Miss Edith Kingdon, a charming actress.

George Gould was active not only in his own lines, but in other great railway enterprises. He was one of the reorganizers of the Union Pacific Railroad, and was for many years an active member of its board. The 10,000 miles of railroad bequeathed by his father dominated large sections of the richest and most productive territory west of the Mississippi River. In George Gould's hands, more than in the hands of any other one man, rested the economic control of the United States from the Mississippi to the Pacific coast. He had great rivals, it is true—the Union Pacific, the Santa Fé, the Southern Pacific; but nearly all the railroad mileage in this section, when the Goulds came to power, was in receivers' hands. Yet the Gould system was one of the few west of the Mississippi that had gone through the panic of 1893 without a receivership.

Thus George Gould and his brothers had a wonderful opportunity for work and public service. But opportunities of another kind beckoned to them. A life given to railroad work meant a life of unending vigilance and toil. But they already possessed great wealth. "Society," which had refused to take Jay Gould to its bosom, readily accepted the second generation. George Gould and his family began to yearn for the things that a great income purchases.

They built an elaborate country place at Lakewood, New Jersey; they went in for steam yachts and expensive entertainments; they even leased hunting preserves in England. George Gould specialized in horse-racing, dogs, and polo. The Sunday newspapers began to print pictures of Mrs. George Gould and her $500,000 pearl necklace; the several daughters, when they reached the appropriate age, had widely advertised coming-out parties. One of them contracted the inevitable European marriage.

The George Goulds, that is, lived after the manner of very rich people, though their personal behavior was exemplary. When we go into the affairs of Howard, Frank, and the Countess de Castellane, the story is much less creditable.

The so-called noble families of England can supply plenty of instances like that of the Goulds. Indeed, our American spendthrifts have never reached the depths of irresponsibility that have usually been the every-day existence of the propertied classes of Europe. These propertied classes have lived immemorially at the expense of their estates. And that is precisely what the Gould properties became. The several members of the family needed large financial supplies to maintain their extravagant mode of living—supplies which they could obtain only from the coffers of their railroads.

Dividends or Railroad Upkeep?

IN the early days they manifested a certain ambition to build up their inheritance and serve the public; but, as years went on, this consideration became secondary. In order to get dividends they neglected upkeep and maintenance. Instead of using income for those indispensable purposes, they diverted it to the pockets of stockholders. The picture presented by the Gould properties thus became a perfect complement to the picture presented by the Goulds' expensive personal tastes. On one side, yachts, castles, Parisian entertainments, divorces, titled marriages; on the other side, railroad receiverships, demoralization, and decay.

In the Manhattan Elevated Railroads in New York the Goulds had the greatest and most profitable transit opportunity in the world. But their management was a metropolitan scandal for years. The crowded cars, the little kerosene lamps, the wheezy locomotives used long after the value of electricity as a motive power had been demonstrated—all these details emblazoned the sins that underlay the Gould theory of management.

Their control of the Western Union Telegraph system told the same story. The pressing demand was for dividends; upkeep and service were secondary. This corporation paid the Goulds $1,000,000 a year in profits, and the public had to worry along with such service as it could obtain.

The whole Gould railroad system, stretching from Toledo to Salt Lake City, and from Omaha and New Orleans and El Paso, was a great neglected estate. Thin, used-up rails, rotten ties, inadequate ballast, worn-out locomotives, unsanitary stations, passenger and freight cars in varying stages of ruin—wherever one found a Gould railroad he found these conditions. For at least eight years the Missouri Pacific Railroad paid 5 per cent. dividends that it had never earned. As a result, it was estimated in 1912 that it would take $1,000,000,000 to put the road in a condition to handle its traffic.

The great European aristocracies of the past have exploited their estates and survived. An American family, as has been shown, has lost its rulership in less than twenty-five years. One endures for centuries; another does not survive a generation. The explanation lies on the surface. Wealth and social prestige in Europe have rested immemorially on the ownership of land. In the United States wealth and "aristocracy" have been based upon railroad and industrial enterprises.

How English Aristocracy Differs from American

IT is a comparatively easy matter to hold intact indefinitely a huge landed estate. A nobleman can spend his time cultivating the easy life and leave the management of his ancestral acres to stewards and agents. The details involve merely leasing on long terms, the lessee usually paying all the taxes and making all the improvements. Such ownership does not involve sharp industrial competition. The head of the family is merely a great rent-collector, and he performs even this function by proxy. His holdings can not be attacked by ambitious rivals, and are not subjected to the sharp manipulations of the Stock Exchange.

A great American industrial or railroad property, however, demands of its owners more aggressive qualities. Such men must either lead or perish. They can not delegate the management to others; they must maintain a constant vigilance. Only men of extraordinary ability can meet unremitting competition from a thousand sources, keep constant supervision over changing business conditions, and attend to all the details of management. A great genius—a Commodore Vanderbilt or a Jay Gould—can establish these concentrated holdings; but hardly ever does the second or third generation produce a descendant who is capable of carrying on Cæsar's work.

In our time only two great millionaires have attempted to carry on the labors of their progenitor. These were William Henry Vanderbilt, son of the Commodore, and Cornelius Vanderbilt, son of William Henry.

"My father and brother both died of apoplexy," once remarked the present William K. Vanderbilt. "I do not propose to end that way."

The forces of American industrialism have simply overwhelmed Jay Gould's children. They have tried to do two incompatible things—personally manage great enterprises, and at the same time participate in the joys of existence. Consequently certain great powers—the Harriman-Kuhn, Loeb combination in the West, the Pennsylvania interests in the East—have laid hands upon their railroad "empire" and made it their own. The whole episode indicates that the "dynastic" principle will not wield great influence in the development of the American economic and social system. Our great railroad "dynasties"—the Vanderbilts, the Goulds, the Garretts, the Huntingtons, even the Harrimans—are already as extinct as the Stuarts or the Bourbons.

STILL AT LARGE

Photograph by Campbell Studio

IN the old days poets had some consideration. They acted like poets, dressed like poets, and never were seen without a rhyming dictionary. But on this age of Free Verse poets what do we find? A professor, a novelist, a cartoonist, a sculptor, a journalist and a rancher. It may break out anywhere, one does begin properly enough rhyming cab with dab and blind with wind, but those old shackled days are over. Here is a regiment of free verse ideas of a poem

The best cook
And the slickest thief
In the State of Texas,
She would have stolen the golden
candlesticks
From the very throne of God,
To light the way for one she loved.—
That was Tilly's code

Generous, brave, and kind,
A slave where she loved
A rebel where she hated.
That was Tilly's character.

From "City Trail" Frank Shay, publisher

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES worships brevity. The only title she yearns for is that of champion short stanza writer of the world. Among all her published works, so far, "Six o'Clock" is her favorite

SIX O'CLOCK

While passing fast,
Disturbed this anthill?

"There are very few poems shorter than Six o'Clock," says its author proudly.

In "Songs of a Girl" this poet makes use of the dash in this wise

I was alone with just the the other
evening,
The one that nobody else knows,
The one that is quite the nicest
I have ever met—
(Oh, quite the nicest).

"Why the dash?" we asked Miss Davies humbly. "Oh, I love the dash," she said. "It is so bitter."

From "Others" Alfred A. Knopf, publisher

HELEN HOYT to the right (she is the professor) does not give this definition of free verse to her pupils, but it is a good one. "Any lines of unequal length crossed fast to the port side and swinging free to the starboard." This does not mean that the grocer's monthly statement is free verse. No. Neither is a table of contents on the front of a book free verse. The following, however, is poetry of the new school and by Miss Hoyt.

COICYES

My elbow knuckle
And the hollows under my knee-caps
Are curious places.
My heels are melancholy,
Dozing and dredging all day.
My toes have carried sullen
Frown never being aroused.

(From "Others" Alfred A. Knopf, publisher)

AGNES KREMER is a very intrepid soul. After editors have given about naturally looking for poets, and when he has found some he makes them write some poems at once, and then he publishes the results in a magazine of his own. This does a version often tried into the mental kingdom. Thus

PARAQUETS

If you don't put me in a cage
Paraquets die
Please put me in a cage,
Whoever you are

MOUSE

Little mouse,
Are you afraid to play little child?
I won't have you if you are.

(From "Miniatures" Alfred A. Knopf, publisher.)

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

THE Windy City might still have been struggling along without her poet if it hadn't been for Carl Sandburg. Mr. Sandburg rhymed moon with tunes and Lincoln's birthday and everything but sing for a rhyme for Chicago. He just started right in

Hog Butcher for the World,
Player with Railroads and the Nation's Freight Handler
Stormy husky brawling,
City of the Big Shoulders

(From "Chicago Poems", Henry Holt, publisher)

Photograph by Allie Angles

BUT Adolf Wolff the poet who still has his west coast just dashes things off. When the feeling comes over him, he glances into his soul, throws the contents of the window and begins

PRISON WEEDS

Tonight twenty-five ounces
from a nigger
twenty-five ounces
for two cents
every night
before the lights go out
we eat an onion,
weeping
we call an onion,

IT is hard for some of the new poets to write, and it is easy for others, but they all write. Says Mary Aldis, for instance

I put the blood of my heart
And the sweat of my brain
Into a flute.

I blew into my soul.
[All Free Verses do this.
Out of its agony.
Its ecstasies, question.
Its inevitable ending.
I fashion a second one.

(From "Songs, Sighs, and Curses" (Frank Shay, publisher)

TEN REASONS WHY STOREKEEPERS BUY MORE THAN THEY SHOULD

WHILE keeping your eye on the fickle feminine callers and gentlemen, keep your hands on your check-books and pocket-books or you are likely to wake up and find that one Miss Nida E. Kinnaird of Hopkinsville, Kentucky has sold you 500,000 golf-sticks. Our grandchildren will probably be surprised when we tell them that we can remember when men used to travel on the road and sell goods. Miss Minton sells lumber products, and recently closed an order for 1,000,000 golf-sticks from a golf-stick-co and another order for 2,000,000 wheel spokes from an automobile concern.

YOU know, he'll decidedly are-cent you always have to send to all the relatives when you take a trip. She one with "a thanks-give-a-man" way on us at Well, Miss Gloria Headington who is just twenty-four, be why has made a snug of it on ship for several years out of those same little old post-cards and souvenir pic ure sales. The San Francisco Exposition yielded her $5000 and, not contenting with working one side of the hemisphere, she promptly set sail for South America, learned Spanish and is now taking money away from the natives in their own language.

WHEN some one kindly pays Mr. John D. Rockefeller and informs him that the reason why his business is falling off and anyone Chicago is because Miss Mabel Warner is working for an independent oil concern. Miss Warner, who was private secretary to the president of the company, jumped from the road when one of his salesmen was taken sick, and has held her place ever since. She only woman oil salesman in the United States.

FEW salesmen in the world can show the record of Emma B. Wells. She has done business with more than 40,000 women, and has left every single customer in better shape. Yes, corsets is her line. In the last six years Miss Wells has sold a few more than half a million corsets wholesale in the Southern States, on a commission of ten per cent. Just what her annual profits have been no one need ask, but she is numbered among those who pay an income tax. And 40,000 women are up a little straighter when she has passed.

WHEN trouble broke out in Mexico a while back, five of the eight men who operate a big garage in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, started for Texas to find out whether Mr. Villa's name is pronounced Veya, Vil-ya, or Viller. The garage is owned by the brothers of Miss Myra Shearer. "Who will look after the business while we are gone?" they cried. To which Miss Shearer answered promptly: "It will happen up it." And she did with the result that when the brothers and their employees came marching home again they found Miss Shearer had sold the men's Carlisle driving account to cars, but Miss Shearer had sold while the other half were lined up waiting for a registration.

MISS ARRE S BURGHARD is known as "The Girl Who Sold a Car Load of Books." This is not an Indian name like Sign-Walk-an-Arc-Up-His-Sleeve or Girl-With-the-Waterproof Face. On the contrary, it is a title of awe and respect conferred upon her by the travelling salesmen of the country hereabouts on one bright sunny day she sold a car-load of books to an Omaha department store. Since then Miss Burghard has sold advertising specialties and other things. The men who travel her territory for other firms don't wish her any ill luck, in fact, they will actually be happy when the day comes that she has money enough to retire.

NOT so many years ago, when the next travelling salesman was the one that could tell all the funniest stories and laugh the loudest there was a very definite prejudice against young women entering the sacred precincts of the professions. Miss Blanche Kelley encountered that prejudice. She has had merchants tell her that she might do as a book knitting mittens for the soldiers, and other merchants intimate very pointedly that they would rather buy from a man. But she has survived all that, and today nobody gets more orders in her line than "B. Kelley Special Representative."

THE wonderful Finish of any story that you will read in this magazine is the touch the hero was actually written, not on a warm July day out in his yard in winter, with the snow on the ground. And he Christmas tree was bought in December was probably sold in the merchants by Miss Alice M. Manning of Carroll, Iowa, some time in August. She only a Miss Manning the most successful woman salesman of Christmas trees, candles, and Santa Claus whiskers, but her concern actually uses her to break in new territories and to train their men. Is there a Santa Claus? Sure! Miss Manning is him.

"*DUX femina facti*," quoth Vergil, which probably means, "a woman plays ducks and drakes with a factory." If that is what it means, then Vergil was mistaken. Miss Mabel Walthers of Omaha has proved it. She is one of the most successful sellers of furnaces in the United States. A woman selling furnaces? Yes, and not only that but seven strong men and one work under Miss Walthers instructions, installing the furnaces that she has sold. "Where is the other?" you ask. Why, ain't you been told? He's delivering the goods. That dear mother has sold."

Photographs from Gas Retorts

July, 1908, Mrs. Brown's husband was injured in an accident, and for the first time in eleven years the family buyers of extern New York missed his regular visit they did not lose their chance to buy ady. Not much. Mrs. Brown took the ple into her hands and set forth. all at the end of 90k he ler sheet showed a total a little in excess of $ than a record for the pre- ious year. Since then ey have been travelling the ritory together. "Sweets in the sweet," say be de merchants jokingly at "Sign on the dotted e," says Mrs. Brown, ver designing any other pay

JUST KIDS — BUT THEY'RE FAMOUS

WILLIARD (that's not a question, but a boy's name) is the only fourteen-year-old boy who is full-fledged partner in a multimillionaire. When W. E. D. Stokes was exhibiting his famous stallion Peter the Great in Lexington—the same stallion that has since sold for $50,000—Will Ed went up to Mr. Stokes and asked: "Do you want to sell your horse?" "Why do you ask?" said Mr. Stokes. "Because I have $4.00 saved up and I want to buy him," answered Will Ed. Mr. Stokes explained that Peter was not for sale, but said: "If you want a horse, I have a filly back on my place that I'll go partners on." So was formed the partnership of Caird & Stokes in a filly worth at least $ 2,000. Our boy had $ 100 saved up. Mr. Stokes

ARLIS CLAR were on Sunday and were in the middle of the week preacher in Eugene Tim, eight years old. Pace tried to hide Eugene by setting him down in Johnson Place, seven miles from the railroad, in Burlington county, New Jersey. But Eugene was not to be hid. He preaches regular p now, and expects, after taking a course in the Theological Seminary to come back and continue to minister to his own people. "When did you decide to become a minister?" Eugene was asked. And he answered: "I don't remember in terms of years. I was to busy ages."

LITTLE John Chrisanto Cavanagh left his home in Mexico City when he was only two weeks old for a trip to Guadalajara with his parents, and has never been able to get back home since. The trip, usually occupies twelve hours, but more than a week was used up in dodging bandits, and, once safe in Guadalajara, John's parents were huddled into a freight car and sent bumping toward the Pacific coast. John's journey, which was to have been a matter of twelve hours, ended up the coast on board a U. S. cruiser to San Francisco, back to Los Angeles, and across the continent to Carlstadt, New Jersey. John is the only American refugee who has ever written a book about what the United States ought to do in Mexico.

LITTLE Dorcas Ashmenhaus, age ten, and Anthony Parisi, age eight, set off for the pasture one bright day last summer to bring their pony home. On the way back a hungry cougar leaped out of the bushes and attacked the little girl. Plucky Anthony, instead of running home, stood manfully by beating the great beast with his tiny pony whip, until the animal turned from the girl and a cracked him. Dia Dorcas run? Not much. She noticed that the beast was blind in one eye. With her sharp little fingernails she gouged at the other eye until the cougar, in pain and fright, gave up the fight and fled. Later in the day he was shot by some hunters. And Anthony and Dorcas, on hospital cots, were the Christy Mathewsons of the town.

WHEN the Bulgarian brigands captured an American missionary, Miss Stone, they took along with her a Mrs. Tsilka. And not many days thereafter little Miss Tsilka came into the world. Whether she was born a Turk or a Bulgarian was a question, because he capitals were in the frontier mountains. But a bigger question was who would become of her. Finally after American mail carriers an indemnity for Miss Stone's release, after Secretary of State John Hay had threatened Turkey with all sorts of punishments as orders had been made ready to sail, back came Miss Stone and Mrs. Tsilka and Baby Tsilka. Probably no other baby in the world today has ever been the center of so much international turmoil—and has it smiled [illegible]? Not a bit.

WHAT SCIENCE IS DOING

To Roll This Old World Along

BETTER THAN DYNAMITE

THE family automobile has enter[ed] new and unique fields and conquer[ed] them. J. H. Kimball, [a] resident in the San Fernando Valley in [Cal]ifornia, owned a piece of [land] six acres in area, on which [there] was a number of [stumps]. Mr. Kimball knew just how un[pleas]ant a chore it was to get rid of these chief [obst]acles to agricultural progress, and he [set] about finding a way to perform the back-breaking move plays.

Most of the stumps could be pulled out, but the cactus, yucca, and mesquit

This is one way to make [a] tree uproot itself. Spike turns [a] stump up by means of a lever and a snatch trick.

were unassailable. So farmer Kimball put his five-passenger family automobile to work. In conjunction with an [ap]paratus which he designed [and] had made, he got [the] car to do the work.

A steel claw attached at the lower end of the wooden arm was sunk into the root of the plant to be pulled out; the pole was inclined perpendicularly and a cable run from a hole in its farthermost end to the rear axle of the automobile family car.

When the signal was given [the] car was started, the cable [was] at a horizontal position [and] the wheel came [to] with a jerk.

At the outset of the [stump]-pulling operation difficulty was experienced, the rest of the car's weight being insufficient to [pull] the muddy soil. This difficulty [was] overcome [by] placing [a] heavy [stone] on the [rear] seat.

SHORT AND INTERESTING

THE [city] of [Ponca] rock, Oklahoma, [has] one [of] the largest [and] most [modern] school [buildings] in the [state]. Some wise genius of the school board found oil on the [school] grounds a few years ago and [has] realized [on] it.

A SAND-BOX for automobiles, similar to the sand-boxes on locomotives, whose purpose is to prevent skidding, is [being] patented by James S. Yates, [of] Pasadena, Cal. The sand is [fed] to the wheels, [when] necessary, [by] means of a grit track [in] front of the [driving] wheels.

DID you know that [a] person [has] about one out of a hundred [of] your left foot in [his] right? [Most] people [are] right-[foot]ed, and [put] more weight on the left foot, consequently. The years it has grown to support [the] weight that the lazy right foot doesn't [want] to carry. [Many] people [have] left feet measured first.

KINGS ARE STRAINING THE RAILROADS

[Nea]rly all [the] royal [and] imperial [per]sonages [in] Europe [are] using [their] railroads more frequently [and] more luxuriously [than] ever before [in] the [his]tory [of] the [world]. [Many] have [been] practically [in]definitely [con]fined [to] their [pal]aces [and] grounds [since] the [out]break [of] the [great] war. Little [can] be [done] in [the] way [of] using [their] royal [trains], according [to] the [best] [in]formation [ob]tainable.

[Not] [only] should [the] war [last] very much longer [than] the [term] of the President of France will have to be [ex]tended. It is a war [of] [at]trition. [Every] [rail]road [bu]ilder may keep in mind. This [fact], while not the most [im]portant of the official [fea]tures of Europe, has perhaps the most interesting history of them all. It has figured in many important [pa]rts. [Events] [like] any of the others, and has carried, at some time, nearly all of the great [men] of the world, including possibly [the] France's greatest enemy the Emperor [Wil]liam [II].

The train was hurriedly built in the [fall] of 1896 for the immediate purpose of [car]rying [the] Czar and the Russian [im]perial [fam]ily, whose visit at that time cemented and put the official seal upon the alliance between France and Russia, this being probably the most portentous political affair in the history of modern Europe.

The most palatial of trains was built to carry the Czar from the frontier to Paris. [The] four cars were built in the [Ger]man [shops] at the order of President [Fé]lix Faure. So hastily was he private [car] built that [it] was [not] [com]pleted until the [ni]nth day [after] the [con]tract was [let]. [Ordi]narily [a] car of the four kinds that [it] was [is] [built] in [about] [a] [year] [and] [a] [half]. [The] special train of the Czar of Russia is the most elaborate of all. It consists of twelve cars, and most of it can be drawn [by] [one] [loco]motive. [Rooms] [are] set aside for the Emperor's suite and guests, [a] [dining] [room] is made [out] [of] [a] [bag]gage [car], a real Russian bath, a real kitchen, a [sal]oon [and] [many] [com]partments [in] [the] [cars] [in] [which] the Emperor might find [a] [spot] [to] [be] [alone]. There is also a chapel for [the] [ser]vice.

When King George returns from [a] [trip] [to] [France] [he] [rides] [in] [this] [armored] [locomotive] [bearing] [the] [coat] [of] [arms].

[The] [Em]peror [of] [Ger]many [has] [a] [train] [of] [his] [own] [and] [one] [of] [the] [Kaiserin] [has] [a] [train] [of] [her] [own]. [The] [Kaiser] [has] [had] [his] [train] [armored] [since] [the] [war] [began]. [The] [Kaiserin's] [train] [is] [not] [armored]. [The] [Kaiser's] [train] [is] [a] [combination] [of] [sleeping] [car] [and] [armored] [car]. [It] [is] [not] [a] [locomotive] [hauling] [the] [coat] [of] [arms] [of] [solid] [steel].

The ceremonial train of France differs from the imperial trains, in that it is not armored. It was built before armor was necessary on trains. All of the four cars are elaborately upholstered in red and [gold] [and] [are] [the] [property] of [the] [Republic] of [France]. [The] [King] of [Great] [Britain] [has] [a] [train] of [seven] [cars], [all] of the seven cars of the train are [heavily] armored, with bomb-proof [roofs] and [ends]. When the train is run near the front [it] is drawn [by] [an] [armored] [locomotive].

The special train of the Czar of Russia is the most elaborate of all. It consists of twelve cars, and most of it can be drawn by one locomotive. Rooms are set aside for the Emperor's suite and guests, a dining room is made out of a real Russian bath, a real kitchen, a saloon and many compartments in the cars in which the Emperor might find a spot to be alone. There is also a chapel for [the] service.

CHINESE FOR FIRE ENGINE

[The] [Chi]nese [fire] [engine] [is] [a] [hand] [affair] [and] [is] [not] [much] [to] [look] [at]. [It] [is] [a] [small] [pump] [on] [wheels] [and] [is] [drawn] [by] [a] [man] [or] [a] [boy] [and] [pushed] [by] [another] [man] [or] [boy]. [The] [pump] [is] [worked] [by] [a] [crank] [and] [a] [man] [stands] [on] [the] [engine] [and] [works] [the] [crank]. [The] [engine] [is] [not] [a] [steamer] [and] [has] [no] [boiler]. [It] [is] [not] [a] [gasoline] [engine] [and] [has] [no] [motor]. [It] [is] [a] [hand] [engine] [and] [has] [no] [power] [except] [that] [which] [is] [furnished] [by] [the] [man] [who] [works] [the] [crank]. [The] [engine] [is] [not] [self-propelling] [and] [has] [to] [be] [pushed] [by] [hand] [or] [drawn] [by] [a] [horse] [or] [a] [man] [or] [a] [boy]. [It] [is] [not] [necessary] [to] [lift] [the] [engine] [completely] [off] [the] [chassis] [and] [to] [carry] [it] [by] [hand].

ALABAMA ROAD "DON'TS"

[New] [Jer]sey [still] [has] [the] [best] [roads] [in] [the] [world], [but] [Alabama], [in] [such] [days], has gone a step farther by [ad]vising that the State Highway Department issue annually a good roads [day] program or booklet containing the Governor's proclamation and other [per]tinent [matter].

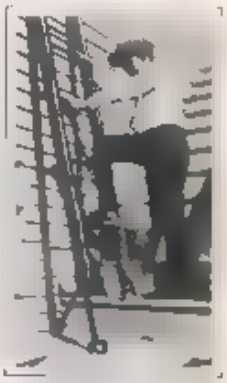
[In] this publication for the current year [a] list of "Don'ts" [for] [motor]ists [and] [teams] [and] [pedes]trians [and] [others] [who] [use] [the] [roads] [is] [given]. [Al]though most of them have an every-day value [they] just makes them worth reading. [The] [list] follows:

[Don't] [drive] [a] [motor] [car] [on] [a] [gravel] [or] [sand-clay] [road] [with] [high] [and] [heavy] [tires] [if] [the] [narrow] [deep] [ditches] [at] [the] [sides] [of] [the] [road] [will] [cause] [the] [car] [to] [turn] [over] [if] [the] [driver] [attempts] [to] [turn] [out] [of] [the] [ditch] [when] [meeting] [another] [car].

[Don't] [drive] [a] [motor] [car] [on] [a] [gravel] [or] [sand-clay] [road] [with] [high] [and] [heavy] [tires] [if] [the] [narrow] [deep] [ditches] [at] [the] [sides] [of] [the] [road] [will] [cause] [the] [car] [to] [turn] [over] [if] [the] [driver] [attempts] [to] [turn] [out] [of] [the] [ditch] [when] [meeting] [another] [car].

A STEP-LADDER FOR STEPS

[The] [man] [who] [has] [the] [desire] to climb up [on] [the] [roof] [to] [clean] [out] [the] [gut]ters and repair [the] [tin] [roof] [will] [be] [interested] [in] [an] [improved] [version] [of] [the] [step-ladder]. [This] [is] [a] [step-ladder] [for] [steps] [and] [not] [for] [the] [garden] [variety] [of] [step-ladder] [which] [has] [been] [in] [use] [for] [many] [years]. [The] [step-ladder] [for] [steps] [is] [a] [ladder] [with] [a] [platform] [at] [the] [top] [on] [which] [a] [man] [can] [be] [employed] [with] [safety] [while] [he] [is] [working] [on] [the] [roof] [of] [a] [house]. [Step] [ladders] [do] [stairway]. [One] [of] [the] [ladder] [can] [be] [made] [longer] [than] [the] [other].



[The] [step-ladder] [for] [steps] [is] [made] [in] [the] [shape] [of] [a] [step-ladder] [and] [has] [the] [same] [number] [of] [steps] [as] [a] [step-ladder]. [The] [difference] [between] [the] [height] [of] [successive] [steps] [is] [justified]. [The] [one] [leg] [is] [made] [longer] [than] [the] [other] [and] [is] [sunken].

ALLIGATOR SEWER CLEANER

[A] [man] [who] [saw] [the] [thing] [said] that he was perfectly happy [and] as he was in the sewer. [Every] [one] they dragged him [out].

The Other Brown

By ADELE LUEHRMANN

Illustrations by [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] found that one [illegible] the dead man. "Is that him?" asked the policeman.

Scarborough. "Otherwise he'd have gone by the front door, which was right before him, wide open. The question is through which of these twenty doors did he make his getaway? Oh, no use trying the traps," he declared, as Doxy started off toward the next house. "We'll look up after him, of course."

They reëntered the house, and returned at once to the third floor, to the woman. She [illegible] and was kneeling, crouched against the open door of her room. She was shaking violently, and her wide black eyes stared [illegible] in terrified supplication.

"It's all right—we're [illegible] hurt you," Scarborough said [illegible] from him with a Spanish servant.

"We're not going to hurt you," he repeated, and now, as if at last his voice had pierced her terror [illegible]

"Who are you? What do you want?" she asked. The words were spoken distinctly, but with a foreign accent.

"You'd better sit down a minute." [illegible] "We're here to see about what happened downstairs. You know all about it." Scarborough asserted [illegible] and her [illegible]

THEN she started violently and [illegible] of terror returned to her eyes.

"The señor! Something has happened to the señor!" she cried.

He hesitated a moment, then nodded. "*Madre de Dios!*" she breathed rapidly, crossing herself. "He is—*dead!*"

She gave a smothered scream and would have fallen, had Doxy not caught [illegible] carried her to a chair, and [illegible] trembling [illegible] agitation ceased. Her gray head sank to her breast, and she murmured dully: "It is the will of God—it is the will of God."

After a wait to see if she would [illegible] Scarborough [illegible] you.

She raised her head and looked at him [illegible]

"Nothing happened to me," she said [illegible] said." he contradicted [illegible]

"What did happen, [illegible]

"I was in my room, sitting [illegible] dimly. I don't know—perhaps [illegible] I thought I heard the bell below, but [illegible] no noise and went [illegible] ring again. There are [illegible] curious feeling to come over [illegible] my room and—and I felt a pain [illegible] in my heart. My heart is often bad like that—often I faint. Afterwards, when I found myself [illegible] door. I was frightened [illegible] did no difference. [illegible] coming up the steps before [illegible]

"I heard only the bell. [illegible]

A low whistle rose from below.

"We'll have to go down—the police are here. Come. We'll help you."

She rose and allowed them to help her down the three long flights of stairs. [illegible] She had probably been associated with the dead man for years, and consequently

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Can you *analyze* the market of a proposition so as to decide scientifically whether it will be cheaper for your interest to supply your own needs or to buy from others?

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WE may make the mistake of thinking that we know enough about business that the open-minded man was but a crank: that he, too, knew enough, but just wasn't satisfied. The fact is he is far from exceptional. *The brainiest men in America today are doing what he did, and for exactly the same reason.* The only difference is that they do not have to leave their business as this man did. Instead the Alexander Hamilton Institute now brings this business training right to the men at their desks or to their home reading tables.

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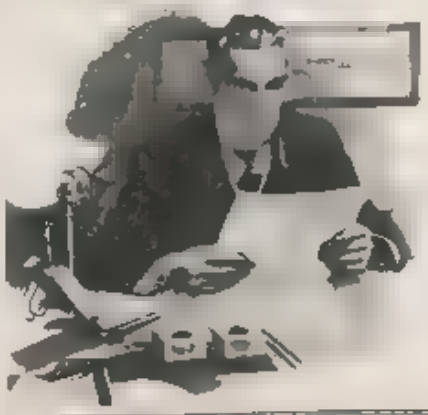

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One day you hear of a brilliant lad of twenty-two, in a big New York bank, riding to a $9,500 job and giving credit to the [illegible]

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was to be reckoned [illegible] this affair as a member of the family.

And she had lied. That was certain. Plausible as her story seemed, it did not square with her behavior before she told it. Nor did it account for her scream. Scarborough felt sure that she [illegible] have seen the man who bolted [illegible] stairs and escaped by the roof. [illegible] she had denied seeing or hearing him. Why?

The men from headquarters—Inspector Cooley, a grizzled veteran, with sun-[illegible] eyes and a pugnacious jaw, followed by two young policemen and the patrolman Doxy had called—made a formidable-looking group. The old woman caught her breath at sight of them.

SCARBOROUGH [illegible] himself and Doxy to the Inspector; then indicating the woman, who had sunk upon one of the lower steps:

"She seems to be the only person in the house. We found her upstairs, [illegible] don't know who she is."

"What [illegible] name, and who are [illegible] gruffly.

"I am the housekeeper—Juana Martinez [illegible]"

"Mexican?"

"No." She frowned. "I am Spanish."

"Who [illegible]"

"Señor Welles-Hewitt and his daughter."

"Is he Spanish?"

"No. English."

"[illegible] the dead man?"

"She hasn't seen him yet," said Scarborough. "Better let her have a look."

Cooley nodded.

"Bring her in, Muller," [illegible] of his men, and turning [illegible] followed by Scarborough and Doxy joining him.

As they neared the double doorway into the room where the dead man lay, it was plain that the woman was straining every nerve to keep her self-control.

The body had been moved from the floor to a long davenport.

In the doorway Juana Martinez stopped, gave one wild glance at the head of the dead man, showing the purple spot on the temple, then shut her eyes and crossed herself shudderingly.

"*Ay Dios!*" she moaned.

"Is that him?" Cooley asked, and she bowed her head in assent.

They let her sit down then, out of sight of the body, and Cooley began at once to question her.

She had been for years, she said, housekeeper for her present employer, Señor Welles-Hewitt, [illegible] Englishman with mining interests in Mexico. He was a widower with no family except his daughter, the Señorita Alma, a young girl of twenty. They had left Mexico [illegible] ten days before, and had taken this furnished house [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] business called him to Mexico at once for a short stay, and, not wishing to leave his daughter and an old woman alone in the house with only servants, it was arranged that they should spend the time of his absence at a convent in the city at which the señorita had been educated.

After [illegible] which she herself [illegible]

[illegible] she went to her room to pack. At half-past seven an expressman had called for the trunk of the señor, and a few minutes later the señorita went out for a [illegible] taking the maid with her. Shortly after that—a quarter of an hour perhaps—the front door-bell [illegible] and she had started down to [illegible] [illegible] door close, and then the [illegible] [illegible] it was the señorita and had gone back to her room.

There she had sat down to rest and muse, she thought, have [illegible] for she knew nothing after that until she had suddenly started up, thinking that she heard the door-bell ring again. The rest of the story was a repetition of what she had told Scarborough. As for the scream, it must have been when

that sudden sharp pain struck her heart.

Closely questioned by Inspector Cooley, she declared that she had no idea whom the señor had admitted to the house. She had caught no words; she knew only that he spoke English. As to whether [illegible] had been expected to call she could not say.

"Now look here," said Cooley. "You've been working for this man for years, you say, and first and last you must have picked out a good deal about his affairs. Who do you think killed him?"

Juana Martinez roused herself.

"I do not know," she said.

"Well, maybe you don't, but you got some suspicion, haven't you?"

"I know nothing," in a low voice.

"Did many people come here to see him?"

"No. Gentlemen came sometimes for business. I did not know their names."

"What business did they come for?"

The woman seemed to hesitate.

"I do not know," she answered.

"And you've no idea [illegible] could have done this [illegible] trouble with anybody [illegible] Trouble [illegible]

She appeared to consider this carefully, but without result, for she finally replied:

"I know nothing."

"When do you expect [illegible] daughter back?"

At this question she started slightly.

"She went only for a short walk," [illegible] said. "She must come [illegible]"

[illegible] Scarborough, but [illegible] the back room.

"I think you're on the right track, Inspector," he began diplomatically. "She knows more than she will [illegible] don't you think it would be wiser not to ask me or Cullop questions in her hearing? You see, she may not know that Cullop saw the man, so why tell her? [illegible] [illegible] running risks of a come-back."

Cooley looked over at Doxy.

"[illegible] is he mixed up in it?" he [illegible] Scarborough explained.

"I [illegible] sort of [illegible] you can test his story by looking up Mrs. Harris. She probably lives next door."

Cooley nodded, and, beckoning Doxy over, demanded his account.

"And you say you came into this room after ringing the bell, because you heard those doors being opened?" he asked, when the boy had reached this point.

"Yes. I thought the servant I had heard in the back room was coming through here instead of through the hall, and I was in a hurry. Of course, I didn't know whether it was a servant or not."

"Never mind that. And when you [illegible] the room?"

"[illegible] I didn't see him come [illegible] again, and when I came in he was here."

"Where was he when you first saw him?"

"Pretty near the door. I reckon—we almost ran into each other. And then—"

Involuntarily Doxy halted. He had

come to the point where he could no longer be absolutely frank.

"Well, go on. What happened then?"

"Why—nothing. We just looked at each other, both of us surprised, and—"

"You got a good look at him, then?"

"[illegible]"

"Well—he was young, between twenty and twenty-five, I should say, and he had light hair. He didn't have a hat on, so I noticed his hair. It was curly and sort of mussed up."

"[illegible] [illegible] and he was thin."

"How was he dressed?"

"[illegible]," Doxy replied truthfully. "[illegible] I was so surprised."

"Surprised? Why?"

"[illegible] didn't expect to see [illegible]"

"Didn't expect to see anybody? Wasn't that what you went into the room for?"

"Why—yes—of course," stammered Doxy. "But I—I didn't expect to—to bump right into him."

"And [illegible] the man [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] again?"

"I don't know. I couldn't say."

"Did he say anything to you?"

"No, not a word—just bolted out of the room and up the stairs."

"Didn't you say anything to him?"

IT was the [illegible] question Doxy had been praying would not be asked. But he had made up his mind, if it were asked, to answer it as truthfully as he could without involving anybody else.

"Yes, I said something," he replied, and instantly he was aware of a movement of surprise from Scarborough. "Oh [illegible] he said. "[illegible] believe—you [illegible] here?"

The words were hardly out before he [illegible] his folly.

"[illegible] that?" Cooley [illegible] repeated his words [illegible] off peculiarly.

"Why did you say a thing like that?"

"Well, I didn't know whether he [illegible] in the house or—or was just calling."

"Huh! Kind of free and easy way to talk to a strange man in a strange house, wasn't it?"

The boy laughed nervously.

"[illegible] kind of free and easy [illegible] Scarborough [illegible]

[illegible] Scarborough's keen gray eyes were on him.

"Huh," grunted Cooley again. "And he didn't answer you?"

"No: just bolted out and up the stairs. Then the woman screamed, and Mr. Scarborough came in. And he can tell [illegible] the rest, Inspector [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Mrs. [illegible] and get her story."

"Why not go there now?" Scarborough suggested.

"Waiting for that girl to come back [illegible]"

"Wouldn't it be a good idea [illegible] this point settled before the coroner comes? It's only next door, you know."

"All right," Cooley agreed grudgingly. He picked up the wallet from the desk.

"Was he robbed?" asked Scarborough.

"Robbed! Didn't you look at this?"

Cooley opened the wallet, revealing a section tightly packed [illegible]

"There's five hundred dollars there," he said. "And look at here." He next brought to light a chamois case in which lay several jeweled rings and scarf-pins. "And he'd got a good watch on him. So the guy that done for him wasn't after coin. He might have wanted some of the papers. I looked through 'em all, by the way [illegible]

[illegible] the wallet, he placed it carefully [illegible] pocket of his coat.

"[illegible] was going to Mexico all right," he added. "Had a ticket and a trunk-check in his pocket. Come on."

And after leaving instructions for his subordinates, he and Scarborough left the house, accompanied by Doxy.

MRS. HARRIS was out. But a few questions to her butler revealed the fact that [illegible] was he that had been sent up to open the scuttle for Doxy.

His story of the telephone call verified Doxy's. Mrs. Harris had sent him up to the roof, and there he had waited for some time until, thinking the young man was not coming after all, he was closing the trap when he heard running steps.

"I thought it must be the gentleman, sir," he told the Inspector, "and was raising the trap for him when I heard the steps go by. 'He's missing the house,' thinks I. But when I looks he's already going into the next house."

"Which one? That?" Cooley pointed toward the Welles-Hewitt house.

"No, sir—on the other side. I starts after him to call him back, thinking it might be dangerous for him going into a strange house where he wasn't expected. Then I remembers as how the [illegible] lodging-house, and as such used [illegible] [illegible] of speaking. So after a bit I locks [illegible]"

"Could you see him? Would you know him again?" Cooley asked.

"No, sir; it was too dark [illegible]"

[illegible] the butler that he might be called upon to repeat what he had just told at the inquest, the Inspector and his companions left, to continue their quest next door. Patrolman Ryan was summoned from the scene of the murder to stand guard outside the house to be [illegible] and Cooley ascended the stoop and rang the bell.

From within came a lively strain of dance music, and when the door was opened by a colored maid half a dozen couples could be seen dancing in the parlor. From [illegible] the maid detached a fat [illegible] woman, Mrs. Malone.

"Sorry, madam, but we got to make a search," said Cooley shortly. "Just take a look round." [illegible] Doxy [illegible] [illegible] He felt wretchedly uncomfortable.

[illegible]

Cooley stepped to the parlor door, and at sight of him the dancers stopped short.

[illegible]

There was a startled hush for a moment; then a woman spoke.

"Why, yes—I did," she faltered wonderingly. "About ten minutes ago."

[illegible]

She nodded and turned to Mrs. Malone, who had followed the Inspector.

"It was that new young man on the top floor—the one with the light hair," she explained. "I thought he must be leaving for good—he had a suit-case."

This appeared to be news to the landlady—surprising news.

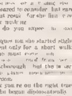
[illegible]

"Who is the man?" inquired Cooley.

"Why—I don't know," she replied with [illegible] [illegible] only been here a [illegible] name is Brown."

At the words Tim Scarborough [illegible]

The Only Man Who Knows Where Lincoln's Assassin Lies Buried



THE [illegible] men were detailed by Secretary [illegible] of [illegible] Wilkes Booth, the assassin of President Lincoln. The unhappy duty was performed by [illegible] would never reveal [illegible] place of Booth's burial. [illegible] General Lafayette C. [illegible] and L. B. Baker, have [illegible] carrying their secret [illegible] as Egbert Ingersoll, former [illegible] United States Secret Service, now retired and living in Lansing, Michigan.

Mr. Ingersoll is hale and hearty at the age of ninety-seven. He is a relative of the late Robert G. Ingersoll, and an uncle of Mr. Robert H. Ingersoll, who made the dollar famous.

a startled glance at Dozy who stood he side but. But she after in its guard, Mrs. Malone his face

"Describe him, the Inspector ordered "Well he's quite young and good

only a *kid*, Inspector— ust " olice ered a man among the

"I know that," snapped Cooley his tone implying that he also knew his business "What's he look like?"

"Dark hair, slim dark complected

"He's sunburned. He's been spending the winter in the South," Mrs. Malone interposed. "He's En

English, huh? A week?

"A week to-morrow—paid in adv she answered. "But he hasn't slept in his room more than once or twice, and has never taken a meal in the house."

She she broke off with an alarmed glance at her questioner, as if she suddenly

"He he old and he wouldn be regular at first," she explained hurriedly. "He said he had business that would take him out of town a good deal "

"What kind of business?"

"I didn't ask, I don't pry into my people's affairs," the landlady replied with dignity

COOLEY turned to the group of boarders. "Any of you know anything more about this man? None of you ever talk

ve passed good evening wit he stairs," said the man who had spoken before. "But just from that I got a most favorable opin "

"Nobody else ever speak to him?"

One or two of the boarders shook their heads, the rest making no response of any kind whereupon Mrs. Malone began haughtily: "My people are not the

"All right—all right," Cooley cut her off "What time did his Brown come in to-night? None of you know?"

As one after another the heads only shook him a negative he grunted his dis-

Now we'll go through the

They'll light up and save time," he remarked to Scarborough

This proved to be the case and the search proceeded rapidly, the landlady leading the way with offended dignity

Dozy, on the lookout for a word alone with Tim, at last got the chance to whisper: "It wasn't the man we met on the s—"

"Shut up," Scarborough warned under his breath. "And stick to your story—

Dozy nodded astonished by gravity returned

On the top floor Mrs. Malone paused to let the party of one of the front rooms "That's his," she said short

Cooley went in, lighted the

only had a suit-case of things,

apparently she possessed none.

"Where do you get to snapped Cooley, exasperated. " know this "

She did, and ungraciously told

"I'll take a look around " he growled and allowed Scarborough to follow him through the seattle. Dozy remaining below with Mrs. Malone

A survey of the shadowy house yielded nothing new. But Co appeared needed no further assurance. He had made up his mind about the c

"How got into the house this way that's plain," he informed Scarborough. "It was a premeditated job, if there ever was one. He'd been laying up to do it for a week ever since he took that room and had to do it to-night, account of the old guy going away And it was planned

enough you got to hand it to him He'd have got away with it all right, too if that kid friend of yours hadn made a mistake and got into the wrong house And that was an accident the smartest crook on earth wouldn't have looked for to happen."

There was a shade of admiration in the

o the house by the roof, who was it the man let in, do think?" Tim questioned. This was the potnt in the Inspector's theory that he omitted him

nobody," said Cooley "The ol was lying in wait trying to throw us off the scent. He wasn the kind to his doorbell, was he—used to a

"But the servants were all gone," said Tim "And he may have thought it was his daughter "

The Inspector shook his head

"Take it from me, he never went near the door, Mr Scarborough. The woman is lying trying to save her skin. It was her that did the inside work. That's why she says she didn't scream and didn't see anybody But it was her opened the scuttle and got rid of the servants. And it won't surprise me any to find out it was her sent the girl out for a walk with the mail."

"But if she was on the thing why did she scream?"

"Oh, I dope that out th Inspector answered, with ready "The job was to rob, not murder guy. You'll see To-morrow it'll

the family was asleep. But they too long, and when the old man doubly decides to go to Mexico, they of her "

early in the evening. As soon as they're gone the old woman opens the safe to and lets the young guy in. Then I guess something went wrong, like it does some- and he had to crown the old guy And when he saw the woman upstairs as he was making his getaway, he told her That's why she screamed

"I see. You've worked it all out very cleverly, Inspector."

Cooley accepted the compliment w

"I always strike a theory right off the bat," he said complacently "I got imagination. You got to have it in this business."

HE led the way down, c close and led he trap never proved impossible. as was the been filed off so that would not catch

keep details out of press, so you cook up

Dozy gave his assurance with alacrity

Why Some Foods Explode in the Stomach

By WILLIAM ELDRIDGE

THE combinations of food that day inflict nothing less than a crime against their health and are the direct cause of 90 per cent. of all sickness."

This is the rather startling statement of Eugene Christian, the famous New York Food Scientist, whose wonderful system of corrective eating is receiving so much eager attention throughout the Nation at the present time.

According to Eugene Christian we eat without any thought of the relation which food has to another when eaten at the same time. The result is that often we combine two foods, each of great value in itself but which, when combined in the stomach, literally explode, liberating toxins which are absorbed by the blood and form the root of nearly all sickness, the first indications of which are acidity, fermentation gas, constipation, and many other sympathetic ill

All of this, states Eugene Christian, can be avoided if we would only pay a little

instead of eating without any regard for the

prescribes meals which are twice as delicious as those to which we are accustomed.

long ago I was fortunate enough to be present when Eugene Christian was relating some of his experiences with corrective eating to a group of men interested

what he accomplished with food alone and without drugs or medicines of any kind.

One case which sticks in my mind was

him for treatment The mother was forty pounds overweight, and her physician diagnosed her case as Bright's Disease. She had a sluggish liver low blood pressure, and lacked vitality The daughter had an extreme case of stomach acidity and intestinal fermentation was extremely nervous, had chronic constipation, and was thirty pounds underweight

Christian prescribed he proper food com-

symptoms had disappeared, and within three months the mother had lost thirty-three pounds and the daughter had gained pounds, and both were in perfect

that of a young man whose efficiency had been practically wrecked through stomach acidity, fermentation and constipation, resulting in physical sluggishness which was naturally reflected in his ability to use his mind. He was twenty pounds underweight when he first went to see Christian, and was a nervous he couldn't sleep. Stomach and caused irregular heart action and often fits

describes it he was not fifty per cent. effi-

gestions as to food, his constipation had completely gone, although he had formerly of a strong cathartic. In five weeks every abnormal symptom had disappeared—his weight having increased six pounds. In addition to this he acquired a store of physical and mental energy so great in comparison with his former self as to almost belie the fact that it was the same man

But perhaps the most interesting case that Christian told me of was that of a multi-millionaire—a man seventy years old, who had been traveling with his doctor for several years in a search for health. He was extremely emaciated had chronic constipation, lumbago and rheumatism. For over twenty years he had suffered with stomach and intestinal trouble which in reality was super

first months given him were delighted to le

complished in about thirty days. And

plete rejuvenation. His eyesight, hearing, taste and all of his mental faculties became keener and more alert He had had

all causes, by the wrong selection and combination of foods. After six month

had ever been in his life

These instances of the efficacy of right eating I have simply chosen at random from perhaps a dozen Eugene Christian told of, every one of which was fully as interesting, and they applied to as many different ailments.

There have been so many inquiries from all parts of the United States from people seeking the benefit of Eugene Christian's

and whose cases he is unable to handle personally that he has written a little course of lessons which tells you exactly what eat for health, strength and efficiency. This

Society of New York

These lessons, there are 24 of them, contain menus for breakfast, lunch and dinner, inclusive as well as corrective, covering every condition of health and sickness from infancy to old age, and for all occupations, climates and season

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able point is so thoroughly covered that you can actually think of a question which not answered. You can start eating the things that will produce the increased physical and mental energy you are seeking the day you receive the lessons, and you will find that you secure results with the first meal

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[illegible] know an hour of reckoning was coming with Tim [illegible] he was not safe [illegible] not betray [illegible] Inspector.

[illegible] far her from Scarborough [illegible] with the case and have hindered him in carrying out his instructions from [illegible]

[illegible] of [illegible] that more than [illegible] arrived [illegible]

"All right," said Cooley. "[illegible] send [illegible] to [illegible] you and you can [illegible]"

And the young lady [illegible]

[illegible] glance at Tim, [illegible] Of course the [illegible] was a [illegible] about him. It [illegible] that he would content himself with wondering. For [illegible] why he had [illegible] before the murder would involve [illegible] the [illegible] Mexican [illegible]

[illegible] started hurriedly off.

[illegible] fell into [illegible] beside him. He could not [illegible] him to [illegible]

"[illegible] suppose you [illegible]

longer [illegible] remarked [illegible] "But if you [illegible] [illegible] a great pleasure [illegible]

[illegible] "Thanks," said Tim. Then, taking advantage of the [illegible] moment [illegible]

"[illegible] the whisky [illegible]"

"Sure. The [illegible] was bought in Mexico. [illegible]"

To be continued next week

Torchy and Vee on the Way

By SEWELL FORD

"It's no use, Vee. I'm a rank amateur. We might just as well [illegible] and confetti all over us."

SAY, I thought I'd taken a sportin' chance now and then before; but I was only kiddin' myself. Believe me, this gettin' married act is the big plunge. Uh-huh. Specially when it's done offhand and casual, the way we [illegible]

[illegible] first [illegible] the early [illegible] mornin' as we piles off the [illegible] express at this little flag stop up in Vermont, and a roly-poly gent in a horse-[illegible] ulster [illegible] steps up [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] the way you call it. Otta—Otta— Yep, that means something like it."

You see, Mr. Robert had said it only once, when he handed me the tickets, and I hadn't paid much attention.

"Aye gorry!" says the chunky gent, gatherin' up our hand luggage. "Guess [illegible] lookin' for. Got yer [illegible]"

[illegible] but I starts fishin' through my [illegible] keys [illegible]

[illegible] says I, sighin' relieved. "Sure [illegible]"

The driver grins good-natured and [illegible] for half a mile or so through [illegible] and a [illegible] of [illegible] Richard T. [illegible]

The mild-eyed gent with the close-cropped Vandyke and the gold-rimmed glasses glances over at Vee.

[illegible] Mr. [illegible] with you," says he.

[illegible] says [illegible] "Mr. and Mrs. [illegible] autograph.

That's why while we're fixin' up a bit before [illegible] down to breakfast I has this [illegible] with Vee.

[illegible] says I. "I'm a rank amateur. We might just as well [illegible] We can't bluff 'em."

[illegible] says Vee. "I'm no [illegible] you?"

"Good girl!" says I. "You bet I ain't [illegible] line, though, was to [illegible]"

"I know," says Vee. "And I always thought that was perfectly silly. Besides, I don't believe we could fool any one if we tried. It's much simpler not to bother [illegible]"

"And grin too, eh?" says I. "[illegible]"

SAY, that's the happy bunch. Leaves you with nothing to worry about. All you got to do is go ahead and enjoy yourself [illegible] head waitress with the forty-[illegible] the grand duchess [illegible] majestic [illegible]

"Two'll be enough," says I. "But whisper. Seein' as we're only startin' in [illegible] by a window. [illegible]

It's some breakfast. [illegible]

[illegible] country sausages [illegible] would [illegible] your [illegible] honey [illegible]

"[illegible] a fourth buckwheat," says [illegible]

"No fair keeping count!" says she. "I looked the other way when you took your fifth."

Honest, I can't see where we acted much different than we did before. Somehow [illegible] We sure had a good time [illegible] our first after-breakfast [illegible] down Main Street, Vee in her silver-fox furs and me [illegible]

"[illegible] town, eh [illegible]"

"Looks like a birthday cake."

"Or a Christmas card," says [illegible] "Look at this old door with the [illegible] knocker and the green [illegible] that Colonial [illegible]"

"[illegible] "Here's a place [illegible] know where [illegible]

[illegible] struck [illegible] the landlord [illegible] pleasant to me, and I'd talked to the young room clerk a bit and the bell-hops had all smiled friendly special. [illegible] sort of folksy, so I begun takin' notice [illegible] get chummy with [illegible]

[illegible]

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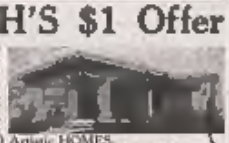

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"Snappy brand of weather they pass out up here, eh?" I throws off, pullin' up a rocker.

They turn, sort of surprised, and give me the once-over deliberate, after which one of them, a gent with juttin' eyebrows, clears his throat and remarks, "Quite bracing, indeed."

Then he hitches around until I'm well out of view, and says to the other:

"As I was observing, an immediate readjustment of international trade balances is inevitable. European bankers are preparing for it. We are not. Only last month one of the Barings cabled—"

I'll admit my next stab at bein' sociable was kind of feeble. In front of the desk is a group of three gents, one of 'em not over fifty or so; but when I edges up close enough to hear what the debate is about, I finds it has something to do with a scheme for revivin' Italian opera in Boston, and I backs off so sudden I almost bumps into a hook-beaked old dame who is waddlin' up to the letter-box.

"Sorry," says I. "I should have honked."

She just glares at me, and if I hadn't side-stepped prompt she might have sunk that parrot bill into my shoulder.

After that I sidles into a corner where I couldn't be hit from behind, and tries to dope out the cause of all this hostility. Did they take me for a German spy or what? Or was this really an old folks' home masqueradin' as a hotel, with Vee and me breakin' in under false pretenses?

SO far as I could see, the inmates was friendly enough with each other. The old girls sat around in the office and parlors, chattin' over their knittin' and crochet. The old boys paired off mostly, though some of them only read or played solitaire. A few people went out wrapped up in expensive furs and was loaded into sleighs. The others waved good-by to 'em. But I might have been built out of window-glass. They didn't act as though I was visible.

"Huh!" thinks I. "I'll bet they take notice of Vee when she comes down."

If I'd put anything up on that proposition I'd owed myself money. They couldn't see her any more'n they could me. When we went out for another walk nobody even looked after us. I didn't say anything then, but I kept thinkin'. And all that evenin' we sat around amongst 'em without bein' disturbed.

About eight o'clock an orchestra shows up and cuts loose with music in the ball-room, mostly classic stuff like the "Spring Song" and handfuls plucked from "Aida." We slips in and listens. Then the leader gets his eye on us and turns in a fox-trot.

"Looks like they was waitin' for us to start something," says I. "Let's."

We'd gone around three or four times when Vee balks. About twenty-five old ladies, with a sprinklin' of white-whiskered old codgers, had filed in and was watchin' us solemn and critical from the side-lines. Some was squintin' disapprovin' through their lorgnettes, and I noticed a few whisperin' to each other. Vee quits right in the middle of a reverse.

"Do they think we are giving an exhibition?" she pouts.

"Maybe we're breakin' some of the rules and by-laws," says I. "Anyway, I think we ought to beat it before they call in the high sheriff."

Next day it was just the same. We was out part of the time, indulgin' in walks and sleigh rides; but nobody seemed to see us, goin' or comin'. And I began to get gloomy and sore.

"Nice place, this," says I to Vee, as we trails in to dinner that evenin'. "Almost as sociable as the Grand Central station."

Vee tries to explain that it's always like this in these exclusive little all-the-year-round joints where about the same crowd of people come every season.

"Then you have to be born in the house to be a reg'lar person, I suppose?" says I.

Well, it's about then I notices this classy young couple who are makin' their way across the dinin'-room, bein' hailed right and left. And next thing I know, the young lady gets her eye on Vee, stops to take another look, then rushes over and gives her the fond clinch from behind.

"Why, you dear old Verona!" says she.

"Judith!" gasps Vee, kind of smothery.

"Whatever are you doing up—" And then Judith gets wise to me sittin' opposite. "Oh!" says she.

Vee blushes and exhibits her left hand.

"It only happened the other night," says she. "This is Mr. Ballard, Judith. And you?"

"Oh, ages ago—last spring," says Judith. "Bert, come here."

It's a case of old boardin'-school friends who'd lost track of each other. Quite a stunner, young Mrs. Nixon is, too, and Bert is a good match for her. The two girls hold quite a reunion, with us men standin' around lookin' foolish.

"We're living in Springfield, you know," goes on Judith, "where Bert is helping to build another munition plant. Just ran up to spend the week-end with auntie. You've met her, of course?"

"We—we haven't met any one," says Vee.

"Why, how funny!" exclaims Mrs. Nixon. "Please come over right now."

"My dear," says auntie, pattin' Vee chummy on the hand, "we have all been wondering who you two young people were. I knew you must be nice, but—er—Come, won't you join us at this table? We'll make just a splendid little family party. Now do!"

Oh, yes, we did. And after dinner I'll be hanged if we ain't introduced to almost everybody in the hotel. It's a reg'lar reception, with folks standin' in line to shake hands with us. The old boy with the eye awnin's turns out to be an ex-Secretary of the Treasury; an antique with a patent ear-'phone has been justice of some State Supreme Court; and so on. Oh, lots of class to 'em. But after I'd been vouched for by some one they knew all gives me the hearty grip, offers me cigars, and hopes I'm enjoyin' my stay.

"And so you are a niece of dear Mrs. Hemmingway?" says old Parrot-Face, when her turn comes. "Think of that. And this is your husband!" And then she says how nice it is that some other young people will be up in the mornin'.

THAT evenin' Judith gets busy plannin' things to do next day.

"You haven't tried the toboggan chute?" says she. "Why, how absurd!"

Yep, it was a big day, Saturday was. Half a dozen more young folks drifted in, includin' a couple of Harvard men that Vee knew, a girl she'd met abroad, and another she'd seen at a house-party. They was all live wires, too, ready for any sort of fun. And we had all kinds. Maybe we didn't keep that toboggan slide warm. Say, it's some sport, ain't it?

Anyway, our honeymoon was turnin' out a great success. The Nixons concluded to stay over a few days, and three or four of the others found they could too, so we just went on whooping things up.

Next I knew we'd been there a week, and was due to make a jump to Washington for a few days of sight-seein'.

"I'm afraid that will not be half as nice as this has been," says Vee.

"It couldn't," says I. "It's the reg'lar thing to do, though."

"I hate doing the regular thing," says Vee. "Besides, I'm dying to see our little studio apartment and get settled in it. Why not—well, just go home?"

"Vee," says I, "you got more good sense than I have red hair. Let's!"

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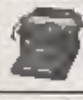

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A Letter to Nowhere

Continued from page 7

hooker anywhere short of Valenciana, and there'll be a devil of a row."

"Sh-sh-sh!" warned the other, looking about him distressfully. Then, once again, the young man experienced the confusing sensation of hearing an appeal without source floating in the air:

"You'll be saving an American woman."

"An American woman? In Carsouna?" The big head close to his nodded.

"From what?"

"Jail. D'you know what a Spanish-American jail is like? For a white woman?"

"Amy Lossamer!" Dale exclaimed.

Captain Tidman's dull gaze jerked abruptly down from the darkness aloft.

"You know Miss Lossamer?"

"Yes."

"Well,"—the little eyes bored him,—"there's the chance of the sharks for you. And the chance of the sharks—human sharks in Carsouna City—for her."

Before he had finished, Dale's coat was on the deck.

"Give me the letter," he demanded.

"Letter!" repeated Captain Tidman. "The message I'm to carry. You didn't put it in the pocket, did you?"

"Oh, Lord!" groaned the other. "My poor wits! Take the wheel."

He belted down the companionway. When the great mounish face rose above the deck again, the young man seized the letter and strapped it into the pocket.

"Where shall I mail it?" he asked.

"Anywhere. Ready?"

"Ready," said Dale firmly.

He set his foot in the bight of a rope that had been prepared.

"Drop when she comes about. And keep well out from her," he heard; and the next moment slipped into the sea.

WHATEVER sharks may have haunted those waters, or ghosts those sands, forbore to beset Dale. He was startled at the briefness of his journey when his foot touched the smooth sand. Not a quarter of a mile from where he beached, the cairn of stones loomed stark and black in the moonlight. He donned the serviceable clothes which he found at its foot, and set out down the beach. At noon he reached a post-office town, where he mailed the letter, first making a note of the address. It was directed to "Dr. Luis Batisto, Calle Pantheon, 147." The late evening train that bore it to Carsouna City carried Dale also. He arrived too late to do anything but go to bed.

As early as a decent consideration for other people's rest permitted, he called next morning at the Blakeleys'. The house on the corner of Look-at-the-Sky and Last-Monday streets was fast closed again. Repeated ringing brought no response. But presently he became aware of a guarded hissing from next door. A tremulous woman's voice begged him to pretend not to hear, and was he the young North American? He was. Then he was to understand that the missionary family had gone to the country for a week—maybe more. "And the young lady?" he demanded. The tremulous voice knew nothing of the young lady.

From the tumult of Dale's thoughts and emotions there arose the hope that some clue to Amy Lossamer might be gained through the Captain's letter to Dr. Luis Batisto, Calle Pantheon, 147. He hurried to the street, but not to the number. The Calle Pantheon extended one short block, and comprised numbers 1 to 34 inclusive. Nobody in the vicinity had ever heard of Dr. Luis Batisto.

But at the post-office, in the glass-covered case wherein, by a curious local custom, misdirected mail is displayed, stood the letter. He retrieved it. In ordinary conditions Henry Dale would as soon have bitten off his finger as have opened a letter addressed to another person. This case was not ordinary.

He opened it. With trembling hands he extracted a large sheet of letter paper. He spread it out. It was blank.

FIVE weeks later a haggard young man faced Captain Abner Tidman in the New York office of the Vesper Line.

"Ff-ff-ff-ff-ff," breathed the Captain. "So the sharks didn't catch you. I was mighty glad to get your telephone message this morning. Just came off the *Harkaway* yesterday."

"Where is she?" Dale demanded fiercely.

"The *Harkaway*? Ff-ff-ff. Docked in South Brooklyn. Have much difficulty in getting away from Carsouna?"

"Yes. Where is she?"

"Thought you might. Ff-ff-ff—fussy lot, those port officials. What did they say when they saw you back?"

"Where is she, damn you!"

"No! Did they? Ff-ff-ff! Well, it would have been worth something to them to know where she was. I presume you are referring to Miss Lossamer."

Captain Abner Tidman, being wise in the ways of men, stepped back a pace.

"Don't you hit me, young man. She's safe."

The caller sat down suddenly and limply.

"Ff-ff-ff-ff!" exclaimed Abner Tidman in concern. "You ain't well."

"I'm all right. Only I've been living in hell. What did you send me on a fool's errand with a blank letter for?"

The Captain's hard, heavy face darkened. "You opened my letter? What kind of a man do you call yourself?"

"It was posted in the post-office for non-delivery. I opened it. You had told me that its delivery involved Miss Lossamer's safety."

"Ff-ff-ff-ff. No; I don't guess I told you just exactly that."

"You certainly used Miss Lossamer's safety as a pretext. Was that a lie?"

"Keep your soul, son. Ff-ff-ff. No. It was true enough. She *was* in trouble—big trouble. They were going to arrest her."

"My God! She got away?"

"She got away—thanks to you."

"What help could a blank letter, undelivered, be? I don't understand."

"Ff-ff-ff-ff! I suppose not. It's the living fact, though, that if you hadn't taken a chance with the sharks Miss Lossamer might be in an under-sea jail for political prisoners to-day."

The young man drew a roll of bills from his pocket.

"There's your three hundred dollars."

Captain Abner Tidman stared at it stupidly. "What for? You've earned it."

"I can't take it. Not for that service. Tell me where I can find Miss Lossamer."

"Why not try her home instead of her office?" asked the Captain.

"Her office? *Her* office?"

"Well, her father's office. He's vice-president of the Vesper Line. And I *think* she's somewhere in the off-ff-ff-ff-ing. I notified her you were coming. Thought she might be interested. She's never heard the story of that letter."

Few men have shone in many different kinds of writing and done them as well as the author of this story, Samuel Hopkins Adams. His first magazine work to attract national attention was the crusade against patent medicines which he conducted in "Collier's." More recently, in the New York "Tribune," he has campaigned against misrepresentation in department-store advertising with mighty effect. And between times, in his quiet country home, he finds time to write stories, of which "A Letter to Nowhere" is, to our way of thinking, one of the best.

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He opened the door of an inner room. Amy Lessamer walked in.

"How do you do?" she began demurely. "It's some time—" Then, with a swift, [illegible] change of tone: "How [illegible] you back? Are you ill?"

"I haven't known until today whether you were safe or not," he said simply.

"Didn't you get that letter I left for you?"

"No; I heard nothing."

"Nor the hundred dollars that I owed you?"

"The hund— I'd forgotten it," he said eagerly. "I wanted to know whether you were safe or not, and I couldn't find out."

"Poor boy!" she said [illegible]. "I left a letter for you with the old caretaker across from the Blakeleys."

"She talked to me through a closed door. She said there was no message."

"Afraid to deliver it when she heard that there was political trouble in the wind, doubtless," put in the Captain.

"But where did you go—and how?" asked Dale.

"I came home with Captain Tidman. They smuggled me aboard the Harkaway the night that you went away. The Captain kept me under cover for a whole day, and the second morning he produced a suit of clothes and a passport, all ready made, and I traveled as Carl Trevor, salesman. What is the matter?"

"Nothing," answered Dale, replacing his lower jaw. "Go on, please."

"I assure you, I made a very presentable boy, with my hair cut short. The port officials at [illegible] never suspected me at all. Not even the sailors on the Harkaway knew. Of course, I kept from talking—a sore throat."

OUT of the amazed and confused confusion of Henry Dale, when Carl Trevor, one illuminating thought stood clear.

"So that's why I had to leave my clothes," he blurted and stopped.

The girl's gray eyes opened wide.

"Leave your clothes? Where?"

"On the Harkaway. This is the supposed Carl Trevor, Miss Lessamer," supplied the Captain.

"I don't understand. He came up on the ship with me?" cried the girl.

"Part way. Pf-ff-ff. Then he decided to go ashore—with a letter. There wasn't time to send a boat—so he swam."

"But the letter—the letter?" cried Dale. "What was the idea of that letter to nowhere?"

"Pf-ff-ff. Just a pretext. If I'd known you were inter—ff-ff-ff—were a friend of Miss Lessamer, I'd have managed different. The idea was to get you off the boat, leaving your clothes and [illegible] [illegible]. So I invented the letter—ff-ff-ff-ff—and nearly forgot to give it to you at that. That's why, Miss Lessamer, he took a little swim of a mile or so at night."

"Wasn't it dangerous?" asked the girl.

"Oh, I'm a good swimmer," said Dale.

"Pf-ff-ff-ff—forgotten about the sharks already?" chuckled Captain Tidman.

"Sharks!" repeated the girl, and shuddered. "You took a risk as terrible as that? For what?"

"For three hundred dollars," said Dale.

"Pf-ff-ff! Three hundred nothing! He threw 'em in my face, Miss Lessamer. He went back on his bargain. Didn't like the sharks. Then—ff-ff-ff-ff-ff—it came out by accident that it was for you, and he went over the side like a [illegible]."

"You sent him to what might have been that horrible death?" she said slowly, turning her eyes upon the Captain. "Are you a man or a—a monster?"

The pudgy face hardened.

"I'm the Captain of the Harkaway, Miss Lessamer. My business was to bring you home at any cost—even that of life—ff-ff-ff," he breathed heavily. Then: "But I don't mind telling you that I said a few words to God about the young fellow when I saw him go overboard."

"You were taking that chance for me," said the girl to Dale, very low; "and I never knew it."

"So—how did I," he said uncomfortably. "That is, I didn't know—I wanted more than anything else in the world to get back, to see you again. And there was the letter. I'd agreed to deliver it for three hundred dollars."

"And there's the money." Captain Tidman pointed to the bills on the table. "Returned. Says he won't touch it."

"Why?" said Amy Lessamer, keeping her direct and luminous gaze upon Dale.

"I couldn't."

"Why?" she persisted.

"You know why," he said desperately. "It was for you. I mean—"

"Then it was for me and not for your bargain." The color rose rich in her cheeks, but her courageous gaze never wavered from his. Only the eyes grew dreamy and tender. "Captain Tidman, I want to draw a hundred dollars from the firm."

"That's the firm's money," answered the seaman. "Take it out of that and leave a receipt."

"Oh, no, that is Mr. Dale's. Won't you get it for me, Captain?"

"Certainly," said the hard and grim mariner. "It'll take ten minutes," he added, with a happy and wholly mendacious after-thought, and left the room.

Amy Lessamer seated herself at the table and contemplated Henry Dale.

"I—I did what the Captain did," she said at length, hesitantly. "I said a few words to God, before I left [illegible], for a man who was thoughtful and gentle and unselfish and loyal and fine. I didn't know then that he was brave and—and poor. Did you need money so badly when you lent me that hundred dollars?"

"Why—yes. I did. In a way. It didn't really matter."

"No. I suppose not, to you. That's part of the wonder of it. You must take this money." She held out the bills.

"No; I can't do that."

"But you must. Don't you see what a position it puts me in if you don't?"

"I don't see it at all," he burst out hotly. "You know how I feel toward you. You know that a danger that I wouldn't dare face for money—I'd have to face it for you. I couldn't have lived with myself afterward if I'd shirked that."

"Even though I might never have known?" she said softly.

HE walked over to the window and looked moodily out. When he turned back she was carefully blotting something that she had just written. Her face, when she lifted it to him, was tender and radiant and daring and frightened.

"Won't you take it?" she pleaded.

"You won't accept what I did as being done for you?"

"Take it," she insisted. "And sign this."

Crossing to her side, he signed unseeingly with the pen she put in his fingers.

"Aren't you going to read it?" she said. "This isn't a—a letter to nowhere."

He read, first in silence, and then—for the better understanding of his bewildered heart—aloud:

"'Received from Amy Lessamer three hundred dollars in part payment, and all that her love can give for the rest.'"

"Amy!" he cried.

She put her arm up and drew him down, and he felt her strong and gracious body shaken with sobs.

"I'll hate Captain Tidman," she cried, "for letting you go. I'll hate him as—as long as I love you; and that will be forever."

The door, which had opened quietly, closed with a gentle hissing, such as is made by one of those compressed-air devices that prevent doors from slamming to. Possibly such was the source of this noise—possibly not. For, outside in the passageway, a gross, stupid-looking, oblique man stood smiling a smile wherein was no trace of grossness or stupidity.

"Maybe," grunted the man softly. "Pf-ff-ff. Maybe. But I don't guess it'll quite cost me my job, at that."

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